Courtyards and Comebacks

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Courtyards and Comebacks

by Gechi_gotchu

Summary

Shinsou always knew his sass would come back to bite him in the ass, but he didn't expect to get a weird stalker/guardian because of it.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Courtyards and Comebacks

Shinsou Hitoshi liked two things in the morning, coffee and quiet. Bakugou Katsuki was neither of those. His tired eyes stared straight into blood red ones as he defiantly took another sip of his caffeinated drink.

Shinsou snorted when the blond clicked his tongue and looked away. Shinsou-1, Bakugou-0. He took a seat behind his favourite tree, it was in the perfect position to let him lean against it to watch the sunrise in the morning and block the sunlight in the afternoon. And though Shinsou would never admit it out loud, it also hid him well enough for any passing bullies to not see him.

This courtyard was one of Shinsou's sanctuaries on campus the only other one being his dorm. It was somewhere he could relax his mind and get away from the shitty people that seemed to surround him.

Even though he had been proclaimed as the "hero of general studies" when the word got out that Shinsou was being considered for movement into the hero course and the rumor was spread that Aizawa was taking him under his wing to be his sidekick, all the praise soon turned to spite and Shinsou was back to square one with his class.

Shinsou was brought out of his thoughts when he heard a bang and a rather loud curse. Looking up he saw Bakugou holding a smoldering pile in his hand. Upon further inspection, Shinsou realised that was the hothead's phone and let out a light airy laugh.

"Fuck are you laughing at you eggplant looking motherfucker!" Bakugou yelled glaring at the insomniac. Shinsou cringed at the volume of the blond's voice and opted to say nothing, instead choosing to turn around and facing a different side of the courtyard. Cursing every deity he could think of, Shinsou mentally prepared himself when he heard the blond walking, n, stomping his way towards him.

"I asked you a question shithead."

"And I didn't answer it," Shinsou replied with a shrug, "What are you doing out here anyway?" Shinsou asked turning to look at the other boy with narrowed eyes. Bakugou was there before Shinsou meaning he woke up early to get there, but what threw Shinsou off was that he was just sitting there. He expected someone like Bakugou to train in

the morning or something.

“That’s none of your goddamn business.”

“Oh sorry I wasn’t aware only you could ask questions here, my deepest apologies sir,” Shinsou let out with a snort. From the way, the blond looked Shinsou was certain he would either lose consciousness, his hearing, or both in a few moments.

“Aren’t you full of comebacks, you fucking eggplant coloured bitch,” Bakugou hissed his hands already sparking. Shinsou knew that the right choice was to let it go or cower in fear to appease the explosive boy, but as much as he hated to admit, he got a rush from making the other boy angry; it was incredibly satisfying to see him get worked up over a few stupid words.

“I thought you’d at least have the ingenuity to come up with a better insult, ya know something catchy to yell in the cafeteria. How about aubergine asshole or Shitsou, or even something overused like villainous freak?” Shisou disguised the emotions behind the last insult with a wide grin. Though he’d been called a future villain more than enough times to be able to control his outward appearance, the resurgence of his bullying made it feel like someone was ripping open old wounds.

Shinsou decided not to wait for a reply for the blond, who quite surprisingly was speechless at Shinsou’s words, and got up. He could start to hear some people in the hallways, meaning that classes would probably start within the next half hour.

For what was possibly the first time in his life, Bakugou Katsuki was silent. He had no comeback, no snide remark, not even a growl. Sure people he insulted had given him backtalk before but they either got intimidated into silence or punched. Even Todoroki would ignore him when he threatened to start a fight. But no, Shinsou fucking Hitoshi just had to be different.

Bakugou glared at the taller boys retreating form, it had been a good twenty seconds and with the image of Shinsou’s shit-eating grin burned into his mind, he still didn’t have a comeback other than, ‘let’s fight asshole’. He waited until Shinsou was out of an earshot to let out a groan, he got owned, he got incredibly owned. Bakugou may not have been the greatest orator nor was he the best communicator, but he knew how to throw insults. However, he got fully, completely owned, and not only did he just get owned, he got owned by a shitty

extra.

Bakugou almost let off another small explosion, everything that day had gone wrong. First, he woke up to train just to find his favourite spot under repair, then he had to find where Kaminari and Ashido had hidden his clean uniform, and now he just got his metaphorical chair pulled out from under him by some fucking general education student.

Bakugou knew he had to let it go, but damn it this was a matter of pride, Bakugou had built a terrifying reputation that would leave people quaking with a single look. Not only did Shinsou not respect that reputation, he practically shit on it, even when he walked away it wasn't out of fear but dismissal. And Bakugou Katsuki would be dead before he was dismissed.

Stalking and searching

Chapter Summary

> Bakugou's on the prowl and Shinsou's having too much fun avoiding him

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bakugou knew deep down what he was doing was the epitome of petty, but at that moment he gave absolutely zero fucks. Everyday for the past week he had woken up early and waited in the courtyard for Shinsou. He'd be damned if he didn't get the last word in. To Bakugou's dismay, Shinsou seemed to have the uncanny ability to avoiding people.

The sleepy boy usually wasn't seen by Bakugou until he was passing 1-A to get to class and even then it was only for a few seconds. Bakugou would never admit how much it angered him that Shinsou wouldn't even glance in the classroom when he was obviously glaring at the Gen Ed. student with such intense emotion.

But no, Shinsou had to be the asshole that made Bakugou angry in the mornings.

Bakugou even stooped low enough to try and find Shinsou at lunch. Leaving the so called, "Baku-squad" at to their own devices as he set out to look for his new obsession. He walked passed the other tables, weaving between kids from his class along the way with his hands in his pockets, trying to be as nonchalant as possible. When he couldn't see the purple boy anywhere, Bakugou cursed himself for not remembering anyone's names or faces, how was he supposed to ask where Shinsou was if he couldn't tell which kids were in which class. He could make assumptions based on what they were doing or talking about but for most it was hard to distinguish Gen Ed students from Support or Business.

"You seem lost Bakugou, it must be a shame for someone from the perfect class 1-A to get lost in their own school," Bakugou nearly set off an explosion right then and there. It was bad enough that he was noticed looking lost and now he had to deal with motherfucking Monoma and his shitty questions.

“Mind your fucking business you broken down copy machine, I don’t have time for your bullshit,” Bakugou would have continued if he didn't look up. Standing a few metres behind Monoma was Shinsou with a stupid smirk on his face. Bakugou started walking in that direction but his path was blocked by Monoma’s body.

“See this is why no one likes your class, it’s full of arrogant idiots who do not have the common decency to finish up a conversation.” Bakugou swore he heard the frog girl say it was just Bakugou who was like that but he didn't really care, he had more important things to do.

“Look asshole, I don’t know what kind of obsession you have with me but it’s fucking creepy and getting on my last fucking nerve, so move or I’ll make you move,” his last words were accented with a small explosion going off in his palm. The smarter, or more afraid, members of Monoma’s class came started dragging him away, one girl even muttering a small apology. Bakugou looked back up and realised that during his interruption Shinsou’s ninja ass slipped away again.

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“Bakubro, what was all that about at lunch between you and Monoma?” Kirishima asked. It was right before classes resumed, and most of 1-A had started to file in and settle back in to their seats after lunch. Though most of them looked at him warily, none had decided to risk life or limb by asking him about his altercation in the cafeteria, all except Kirishima of course.

“If you ever call me that again I will kill you, and how about you and your stupid hair stay out of my business,” Bakugou grumbled, even he’d admit that his reaction had not been as explosive as it might have been on a different day but he was focused on something else. Shinsou was standing outside their class, leaning against the wall across the hallway. Bakugou could see him standing there, one hand in his pocket, the other holding his phone. Bakugou glared hard at Shinsou, hoping the other boy would look up from his device, at this point even a glance from Shinsou would suffice as long as he got to see the quality glare that he had waiting for him.

“Hey what’s Shinsou doing out there?” Bakugou stopped himself before he turned to look at Midoriya. Ever since the Sports Festival Deku had made it his personal mission to try and befriend the brainwasher. Bakugou honestly thought the green haired teen had some weird form of stockholm syndrome considering Shinsou’s other victims avoided him at all cost.

“Maybe he’s waiting for Aizawa-sensei, didn’t you say you saw them walking together that one time ?’ Uraraka asked peering at Shinsou as well.

“That would make sense, but Aizawa-sensei is on break this period, we have English with Mic-sensei next,” Bakugou watched as Deku got up and started to walk towards the door, but before he could walk out Iida was in front of him blocking the door.

“Midoriya class is about to start you should not be go meandering in the halls, if Shinsou wishes to be late to class then let him but you will not be a hallway slacker on my watch,” Shinsou looked up at the mention of his name cocking his head to one side when he saw the scene in front of him. Bakugou cursed to himself, the one time that asshole actually looks up it’s to stare at Iida’s back and not at him.

Shinsou waited outside for Present Mic to appear, constantly checking his phone for a call or text. He sighed, any adult saying they wanted to speak with you was worrisome, even more so when it was your soon to be father. Shinsou wondered if there had been an issue with the adoption process or if they were going to move the date again. He originally should have been adopted months ago but his foster parents were dragging their feet with his paperwork.

They didn’t care much for him, but he was a good source of extra income; not a lot of families were willing to take a “problem child” like him, so they got paid like he was three instead of one. Shinsou hadn’t really been paying attention to anything else until her heard a semi-familiar voice say his name. Looking up he saw the busybody engine boy blocking the broccoli flower child from leaving. In the corner of his eye he noticed Bakugou was glaring at him. He inwardly chuckled as he thought back to how the blond would stalk around looking for him.

For once in his life Shinsou was a little glad for being bullied so much, it made him better at avoiding people when he wanted to. Shinsou was pulled out of his thoughts again when he saw a blob of green and freckles running to him. He looked back to the door to see a red faced Iida being floated by the gravity girl. What was her name again? Uraka? Urararaka? Uruka? Iruka?

“Shinsou!”

Shinsou looked down and saw Midoriya beaming up at him, the kid was too happy for his own good. He probably crapped rainbows with how much joy he radiated.

“Uhh...hey,” Shinsou mentally slapped himself for his awkwardness, but in his defense the hero student had been one of the only people who would talk to him freely. “Your friend looks like he’s about to explode.”

“Iida didn’t want me to be a hallway slacker but we still have a few minutes until class starts and I wanted to talk to you,” Midoriya said cheerfully. Shinsou subconsciously took a step back. He was still getting used to Mic’s loud personality and even though broccoli boy wasn’t as loud he was just as energetic.

“So...who are you waiting for...is it Aizawa-sensei?” The green haired boy questioned looking away from him, Shinsou accidentally let out an irritated sigh as he remembered the day the other boy had seen him with Aizawa, “I-I don’t want to pry or anything I just wanted to know if maybe he was training you like the rumors said and then maybe you would be transferred to the hero course caue you really have an amazing quirk and it's not fair that the entrance exam isn't made to encompass every quirk and that’s what Aizawa-sensei says and-,” Shinsou’s eyebrows slowly rose into his hairline as the other boy continued to ramble. Shinsou noticed that Midoriya was panicking, he probably thought he offended Shinsou or dug too deep into his life. Shinsou had never been good at communicating and never really had anyone ever say that much to him at one time, so he did the only thing he could think of.

“Midoriya.”

“Huh?” The boy practically screamed in Shinsou’s face, his eye slowly glazed over as his mind was taken over.

“Calm down and go to class,” Shinsou said while walking away and giving his temples a rub. He hated using his quirk on people when he didn’t need to but he also didn’t know how to shut the other boy up without it. He shot Mic a text saying he had to go to class and hoped they could talk some time later and entered class 1-C.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it, I'll probably continue to update weekly unless

something comes up. :)

Black eyes and Bold faced lies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After two weeks of failed following, Bakugou finally had his chance. He nearly trapped Shinsou the day before but had fallen for his quirk which Shinsou only used to make him stay there until he was far away enough to escape. The school day had ended and as he was walking back to the dorms he caught sight of unruly purple locks. Not wanting to mess up his chance to finally say something to Shinsou he followed him quietly weaving through the other students, never losing sight of the other boy.

When Shinsou had stopped walking he was in the same courtyard were the two of them had their first meeting, Bakugou watched as he sat down behind the same tree from last time and knew this was his chance. He walked slowly as to not alert the other boy of his presence but stopped once he got close to the tree. Now Bakugou never really knew what to expect from Shinsou, but the last thing he did was...sobbing?

Bakugou looked around the tree and saw Shinsou hunched over, his knees brought up to his chest and his body shaking as he let out a few sobs. Bakugou had never been good with tears, all those years with Midoriya did not prepare him for this, mainly because he was the reason the other boy was crying. But for once in his life Bakugou wasn't the tormentor, just the witness.

"Umm..you okay?" Bakugou knew he made a mistake by speaking when he saw Shinsou freeze,"You're crying."

"Well no shit," Shinsou replied, he turned his head enough for Bakugou to see one of his usually tired eyes red from his tears, his eyebags emphasised and his hair even more messy than usual.

"Look I don't have to help you ya know," Bakugou glared at the boy beneath him.

"I never asked you to, go away," Bakugou shifted uncomfortably, this wasn't the Shinsou he was familiar with. The one who taunted him and threw insults back in his face, the sassy sarcastic eggplant, the boy who gave him stupid smirks before disappearing into a crowd. This

Shinsou was none of those things.

Bakugou knew he'd regret it but he sat down next to him and stared. The one eye he could see widened before Shinsou turned the other way in an attempt to ignore him.

"Look, you're not okay-"

"Wow, and here I was doubting your observational skills," Shinsou snarked cutting Bakugou off.

"Shut up Shitsou," Bakugou grumbled, pinching Shinsou's arm harshly. Shinsou let out a yelp and jumped away from Bakugou before punching him half-heartedly in the arm.

"I see you used my idea," Bakugou forced down a small smile, the same shit eating grin that Shinsou gave him the first time they talked was back which meant he didn't have to keep up his poor attempt at comforting him. Bakugou looked at the other boy and for the first time really took in his appearance, he'd never been this close before.

Shinsou's hair was wild but surprisingly not in the same gravity defying style, it was down, covering his left eye. His visible eye was red and still had tears welled up inside. Though the boy now had a smile, Bakugou noticed the small cuts on his face and the bruise that peaked out under his hair. Without thinking Bakugou reached over and moved Shinsou's hair out of his face.

"Holy fucking shit dude! What the hell happened to you?!" Bakugou knew the hair was hiding a bruise but he expected a small one on his cheek not a garish, swollen mess that went from his cheekbone to his eyebrow. Shinsou pulled away but Bakugou grabbed him roughly and pulled him closer. He started to touch the bruise, poking it and felt slightly bad when Shinsou winced.

"Can you stop that already, last time I checked you weren't a medical professional," Shinsou tired to shove Bakugou away but instead ended up with the other boy grabbing his wrist.

"Who hit you?"

"Wha-"

"Don't make me ask again, who hit you?"

"Why the fuck do you care? We're not even friends, I barely know

you," Shinsou yelled back, even though it was with half the aggressiveness he probably meant, it still got his point across, "Now get off me," Shinsou wrestled out of Bakugou's hold and got up.

Bakugou didn't know if it was anger or frustration or what that caused him to react but he kicked out and swept Shinsou's legs from under him. Shinsou fell rather ungracefully and attempted to crawl away only to be pinned by Bakugou.

Shinsou looked up and could feel the heat rising to his face, if anyone saw them in this situation it could very easily be mistaken for an after school tryst. He was laying on his back, his arms held above his head by his wrist. He had tired kneeing Bakugou which only resulted in the other teen straddling him.

"Damn it, get off me," Shinsou was sure his entire face was now the same colour as Bakugou's eyes.

"Fuck no, anytime I wanna say something to you, you always find a way to disappear, not today, today we're gonna settle this shit."

"Can you at least make it look like we aren't about to fuck each other's brains out," Shinsou deadpanned. He watched horrified realization come onto Bakugou's face as he let him go and moved off of him, "What's wrong with you anyway, everytime I turn around it's like you're ten feet away trying to get to me, it's fucking weird," Shinsou said sitting up and facing his assaulter.

"You're one to talk about weird! Your ass disappears if I so much as look at you!"

"That's because YOU are stalking me like some deranged lunatic!"

"I wouldn't have to stalk you if you could just stop running away like a normal person!"

"I wouldn't run away if your entire persona didn't scream 'I'm gonna fucking murder you' whenever you looked at me!"

"I wouldn't be so pissed off if you just stayed still and waited for me to come to you!"

"Why are the two of you idiots screaming, I could hear you from

inside," Shinsou sobered immediately and the colour drained from his face as he recognised the voice behind him.

Having spent enough time with Aizawa, Shinsou knew his tone wasn't angry but rather teasing. He also knew if he turned around and let his new father see his black eye it would be game over. He looked at Bakugou, who was looking straight back at him, and prayed that the other teen would understand his slight gesture as he ruffled his own hair in an attempt to cover his eye again.

"We were arguing about...stuff," Shinsou lied, looking for any sign of understanding in Bakugou.

"Stuff?" Aizawa asked. Shinsou could feel the man getting closer to him, his legs nearly touching his back. He looked to the ground and watched Aizawa's shadow come over him.

"Yeah, stuff. Let's go Shinsou, you left your stupid book in my dorm," Shinou felt Bakugou grab him and pull him up, wrapping his arm around his shoulders and bringing Shinsou into an embrace, made awkward by the fact that Shinsou was a bit taller. Shinsou would have pushed him away if he wasn't covering his black eye. The pair walked out of the courtyard and separated.

"Uhhh...thanks," Shinsou offered weakly.

"This isn't over," was all Bakugo had to offer as he walked away hands jammed into his pockets.

Chapter End Notes

> As always thank you for reading! Your kudos and comments really mean a lot to me :)

Concealer and Confrontation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shinsou sighed, he knew that time was running out, classes would be starting in less than an hour. His eye wasn't as swollen as the day before, but the colour still shown. He was happy that Aizawa decided not to pry last night when he said that he didn't want to come eat dinner with him and Mic. After their adoption finally went through they made it a habit of eating dinner together every Wednesday and on the weekends, to accommodate their demanding schedules.

He opened the concealer he bought a few weeks ago when he first needed to cover a mark, but those had been small, almost unnoticeable bruises. This was the king of all black eyes. Not to mention Shinsou had never really worn makeup before, so he didn't really know what he was doing.

Shinsou cursed as he heard the bathroom door open and capped the container before shoving it into his pocket.

"I thought I saw you walk in here," Shinsou let out an oddly relieved sigh as he turned around and saw Bakugou.

"Are we gonna have to do this now," Shinsou sighed taking the concealer back out, "ahh you bitch, no you're a bitch, eggplant fucker. You need better insults, argh blah blah blah I'm gonna blast you to hell. Aww I'm sorry Lord Explosion Murder please don't hurt me. There done, you win, now leave me alone," Shinsou mocked as he started applying the makeup to his face.

"I'm past trying to win a stupid little war of words with you fuckmunch, tell me who hit you," Shinsou looked at the blond, his face only showing absolute confusion.

"You look constipated," Bakugou said, "And what the fuck are you putting on your face?"

"Concealer, some of us don't like going around looking like we got the shit beat out of them," Shinsou rolled his eyes as he continued to apply and blend out the cream. His face was significantly less purple but the undertones still were there. He sighed knowing this was the best he could do before it started to look cakey and weird like the last

few times he'd covered stuff up.

"I didn't know you liked makeup," Bakugou snickered earning a scowl from Shinsou.

"I didn't know you liked to be an ass," Shinsou grumbled as he tried to move past the shorter teen.

Bakugou shoves him backs with one hand, "Oh no, I said we're finishing this and I meant it, now who hit you?"

"It doesn't matter."

"And I say it does, so who the hell hit you," Bakugou said as he advanced. Shinsou took one step back and then another as Bakugou stalked towards him. As his back hit the cold stone wall of the bathroom Shinsou knew he was fucked. Frantically he searched for a way past the other teen, but before he knew it, he was trapped in the corner of the bathroom with Bakugou standing in the way of his escape.

"Look Baku-"

"Oh fuck no the only thing I want you to say is a name, now who the fuck hit you," Shinsou didn't know what scared him more, Bakugou's proximity or the fact that he wasn't yelling. The hero students voice was calm but teetered on dangerous.

Shinsou's eyes widened, as Bakugou leaned in, his eyes unrelenting in their gaze. The emotions hit him in waves, this was a trick, Bakugou didn't care. There was no logical reason for Bakugou to want this information other than to use it against him. He wasn't going to do about it, he would call him weak when he found out he was being bullied by other gen ed students. Laugh at and berate him for not defending himself. Tell him that he obviously couldn't be a hero since he couldn't even use his quirk on a few bullies.

"What are you even gonna do? Go after them? What the hell is your motivation here? Why do you care? What the fuck do you plan to gain from this?" Shinsou looked Bakugou in the eye searching for answers, he was exasperated and breathing heavily, his vision started to cloud as tears welled up inside. Bakugou was not his friend, shit he didn't have any friends unless he counted Midoriya. What did he want from him?

Bakugou paused, the first time he was asked this question he was saved from it by Aizawa, but now he had come face to face with the question, why did he care?

“I don’t know…” Bakugou offered weakly, he could see the shock on Shinsou’s face, “I just wanted to argue with you, I wanted to win but I couldn’t win if you were, I don’t know, not you,” Bakugou hated this, he was pulling shit out of his ass because he didn’t know what to say. He barely knew Shinsou but he knew he didn’t like seeing him like this.

“You..I...you aren’t…,” Nothing he thought of sounded right, was he supposed to tell Shinsou he cared about him? The other boy would call bullshit.. Was he supposed to say he didn’t like it when people cried, cause then he’d be lying to himself.

“It was different this time,” Bakugou finally answered, he could see Shinsou’s confusion smeared all over his face. He didn’t like it, he didn’t like Shinsou looking like that, he wanted to see the stupid smirk he had before he walked away, he wanted to see the apathetic face that told him his insults were shit. He wanted to see the slight amount of playfulness that Shinsou had in his eyes when he punched his arm the other day.

He did not want to see the Shinsou in front of him that was a mix of tears and suffering.

“Look, I-” Bakugou stopped talking when he heard people outside the bathroom. Glancing at his watch he realised class was to start in a fifteen minutes. He cursed Iida and his stupid rules, ‘Be ten minutes early to ensure punctuality’ my ass.

“I have to go to class,” Shinsou mumbled as he wiped his eyes, careful to not disturb the makeup hiding his bruise.

“Look, I don’t know what the fuck I’m supposed to say, but I don’t like the way you look.”

“Oh great first you practically assault me in the courtyard, then you trap me in a bathroom and now you want to judge my appearance. Sorry I didn’t roll out of bed thinking about what you would like me to look like,” Shinsou snarked glaring at Bakugou, who continued to block him from leaving.

“Not like that fuckwit, look give me your phone,” Bakugou said holding out his hand. Shinsou blinked once. Twice. A third time.

“What?”

“I said give me your goddamn phone ghosty,” Bakugou whispered harshly as more voices started to appear.

“I’m sorry but come again?”

“I said-” Bakugou felt his control slip away as Shinsou side stepped him.

“Wait here for two minutes, then slap yourself,” Shinsou commanded as he exited the bathroom. After two minutes Bakugou slapped himself and his head was fuzzy. He was just talking to Shinsou and then- oh, he answered a question. Bakugou raged kicking the trash can as he left the room. He knew walking to 1-C would cause a scene as Iida took it upon himself to be stationed outside their room, so he just went to class. But he knew he was going to talk to Shinsou again, he couldn’t get the image of the distressed boy out of his head.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading :D until next time

Decisions and Discoveries

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bakugou growled as he furiously backspaced on his laptop. Apparently typing ‘why do I feel’ into the search bar only got him song lyrics and weird psychology sites. Bakugou sighed flopping back onto his bed, Shinsou’s question still rang in his ears, why did he care? He’d never really given consideration to others feelings before, even with his small “Bakusquad”, he’d allow someone else (usually Kirishima or Sero) to be the one who asked if someone was okay.

Bakugou knew he needed help, help from someone who could easily explain how others emotions affected him. Someone who was in touch with their emotions. Someone like…

Bakugou furiously began typing new search terms, he’d rather waste his whole night asking the internet stupid questions than go to fucking Deku, or anyone for that matter, for help with feelings.

“Hey, Bakugou,” came a knock on the door, “We’re all gonna go to the mall for shopping and dinner in like thirty minutes, you coming?”

“Fuck no shitty hair,” Bakugou yelled back as he continued his quest.

“Dude, you’ve been up here since school ended, you didn’t even go train or anything...are you okay?” Bakugou growled, he hated it when they did that.

“Of course I’m okay, I just don’t want to see all you stupid faces when I’m trying to eat!”

“Aww come on Bakugou, this is the third time this month you didn’t wanna go out with us,” he heard Mina wail, her cries were soon followed by Kaminari’s and even Sero joined in just to annoy him.

“Fucking fine! I’ll come if it means all of you shut the fuck up!” Bakugou yelled swinging the door open. He took a step back to avoid being crushed by Kaminari’s falling body. He glared at his friends, all four of his idiots looking as happy as ever.

“Oh and uh by the way..this is a 1-A outing okay bye,” and with those words Kirishima zoomed down the hall with the other three not far

behind. Bakugou slammed his head against the wall at the last comment before slamming his door as well.

“Maybe I shouldn’t go to the stupid thing, that’ll teach ‘em,” Bakugou grumbled as he looked through his closet for something to wear.

“Oh come on Iida, let him come,” Bakugou groaned at the sound of Deku’s voice, he reached for the door to swing it open.

“Midoriya, this is a class outing, inviting Shinsou would not be polite as he is not part of the class.”

Bakugou stopped and pressed his ear against the door instead, listening to Deku and Uraraka try to convince Iida.

“We let Mineta come and no one even likes him,” Uraraka moaned. Bakugou heard shifting and movement, one shout of “this is not appropriate”, someone fall, then things went quiet. Letting his curiosity get the better of him he opened his door slightly to peak out. There he saw Iida on the floor with Deku and Uraraka sitting on his legs.

“You gotta let Shinsou come, he looks so lonely sometimes, he needs friends. You know how the guys in 1-C treat him,” Bakugou’s eyes widened.

“I suppose it would not be that impolite to invite him along, but only this once,” Iida announced rather loudly, it’s like the guy didn’t possess an indoor voice. Bakugou waited for the small group to leave before closing his door fully. Tonight was going to be his fucking night.

“I mean you don’t have to if you don’t want to I probably should have asked before today and this is really last minute but I thought since we were becoming really good friends, I mean if you think we’re friends I mean,” Shinsou had never been this uncomfortable in his life. Okay that was a lie there was the bathroom incident with B*kugou he remembered shuddering slightly.

“Are you okay Shinsou,” Shinsou looked down and answered with an undignified huh before he realised what he just did.

“I didn’t mean to bother you, I just don’t want you to be lonely

anymore…" Shinsou sighed and put his hand on Midoriya's head.

"I'll come, it's not a problem. And who said I was lonely?" he joked ruffling Midoriya's fluffy head. Shinsou didn't know why it surprised him when Midoriya went from sad spinach to happy broccoli when he accepted the invitation but he offered a small smile back.

"I just have to tell my parents that I'm not gonna be home for dinner tonight," Shinsou said off handedly taking out his phone.

Me: Going to the mall with Midoriya and the rest of class 1-A. Won't be home for dinner srry ;(

Dadzawa: k dnt die

Dadmic: D': Text us when you get there and when you get back to the dorms

Shinsou shoves his phone in his jacket pocket and cocked his head when he looked up to see a trembling, red faced Midoriya. It was then Shinsou realised how close the two of them were standing.

"ARE YOUR PARENTS AIZA-" Shinsou shoves his hand onto the other boys mouth, stopping him from finishing the rest of his sentence aloud. He mentally slapped himself for being careless.

Okay, it wasn't exactly supposed to be a secret that Aizawa and Mic were his parents, everyone knew they were together anyway. Aizawa was even the one who told the other teachers at UA about the adoption.

Shinsou just didn't want any students to know, he didn't need the rumour mill to crank out anything else, the secret training and villain rumours were already enough, some people even speculated that he was the traitor, the last thing he needed was for someone to start a different rumour about his home life.

"Look just forget what you saw, okay," Shinsou sighed, judging by the look on Midoriya's face and the massive whine he let out, he could tell that was going to be near impossible for him.

Sinsou sighed, "Okay, okay, I'll answer any questions you want but swear to me you'll keep your mouth shut, okay?" Midoriya nodded quickly and then looked like he was contemplating something.

"Shinsou, was that supposed to be a secret, I'm sorry for intruding like

that," the other boy said rubbing the back of his neck in shame.

"It's not really, I just don't want people knowing, now come on," Shinsou said walking towards the school gate.

Chapter End Notes

> I hope you liked it :D, this week is gonna be pretty hectic for me but I still plan to update next Sunday (hopefully). I also have some other stuff in the works so if you enjoy my writing stay tuned ;)

Train rides and Tribulations

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shinsou was a little surprised to see Bakugou, even though it was a class outing he didn't think the blonde would bother to actually *go* . He decided to stay as far away as possible from Bakugou and absolutely ***not*** to use the bathroom. Soon enough, however, Shinsou felt someone's eyes burning into the back of his head.

Giving in, he turned around enough to see a seething Bakugou staring right back at him. He snickered when he saw the foursome that surrounded him, honestly how did Bakugou end up with a group of friends so different from himself?

Locking eyes with the other teen, Shinsou saw Bakugou nod him over. But Shinsou would do no such thing. Instead he chose to stand near Midoriya and act like he wasn't as awkward as he really was.

Everyone's attention snapped straight to Shinsou when he planted himself outside the circle. He took another step to fill the gap they made for him but quickly regretted it when he realised that they were all staring at him expectantly.

"Uh...hi. I'm Shinsou," he began, "I'm in class 1-C," Shinsou inwardly cringed, he literally told them the only two things they already knew about him.

"Nice to meet you personally Shinsou, I am Iida Tenya. As the president of class 1-A, I would like to welcome you to our class outing and I will be your companion for the night," Shinsou's flight or fight response activated. How did no one else flinch at this guys voice?

"That won't be," Shinsou glanced at Bakugou, "a problem at all," he smiled warily. He'd choose a loud pushy Iida over a loud pushy Bakugou any day. Shinsou was soon introduced to the rest of the group, the half and half boy was Todoroki, the girl he confused the name of was Uraraka, and he was also introduced to Yaoyorozu, Jirou, and Tsuyu. Shinsou thanked whatever entity was controlling his life for allowing Midoriya to have a few quieter friends.

"OKAY EVERYONE IT IS TIME TO GO!"

Shinsou cursed as Iida nearly blew out his eardrums. He walked a step behind the taller teen and started to regret his decision. But then again, Iida was practically Bakugou repellent and Shinsou **did not** want to talk to him again.

The group of students made their way to the train station, the sun was barely touching the horizon as they arrived. Shinsou had taken notice of the other mini-cliques that existed in the class other than Bakusquad and Midoriya's group, maybe he would call them Dekusquad. There was the bird guy, the multi-arm dude, the rock looking guy with the birds and some guy talking about baking in a group. He'd call them emo squad, only because the bird dude shrouded them all in some type of dark aura.

He saw the tail guy from the sports festival and felt a slight pang in his chest, he was livid when the martial artist dropped out but when those feelings subsided Shinsou realised he did truly damage his pride. The guy was strong, he probably had a good shot at third place if Shinsou hadn't ruined it. The boy was talking to the invisible girl, Shinsou honestly didn't understand how she got into 1-A, maybe she had some other skills he didn't know about. They looked kinda together so he assumed they were the class couple and thus dubbed them as such.

He lastly noticed the two class "loners", the weird french guy and the tiny pervert. They didn't belong to any one group and kinda floated to whoever talked to them, so Shinsou decided they would be floater squad even though they didn't really talk to each other.

Coming out of his thoughts Shinsou realised that the train was coming. He also realised that Bakugou was moving towards him. Taking a deep breath and knowing he'd regret this Shinsou poked Iida to get his attention.

"Hey um, do you mind sitting together," Shinsou nearly took back his request when Iida yelled in affirmation and slung his arm around him pulling him closer. He slowly started blocking out Iida's words, instead focusing on Bakugou in his peripherals. The ticking time bomb, had furrowed his brows making a small lines appear on his forehead, the small look of confusing quickly turned into a scowl as the blonde stomped back to his group.

Crisis averted.

The train ride was relatively pleasant, Iida had some restraint in a

small spaces and wasn't as loud as he was outside, but still wanted to talk Shinsou's ears off. Hearing a low growl, Shinso looked up to realise Bakugou situated himself right across from him, which happened to also be the seat next to Midoriya. He swore he could see smoke coming from the blonde. He also noticed that the ever preceptive broccoli boy felt the tension and glanced between them.

Midoriya whipped out his phone, guarding it from Bakugou's peering eyes, and typed something before looking at Shinsou expectantly. Shinsou felt no surprise when his phone vibrated in his pocket and stopped himself from sending Midoriya a quizzical look.

Broccoli Boi: Did something happen between you and Kacchan?

Me: no

Broccoli Boi: You're lying to me

Shinsou shoved his phone back in his pocket, refusing to answer Midoriya or make eye contact with him. He always knew the part time nervous wreck could be that upfront but he didn't expect it like this. He knew they boy meant well, but the last thing he wanted was for Midoriya to be involved in his personal life more than he already was. His phone vibrated again and he looked up to see Midoriya's eyes hard set on him, sighing he took back out his phone.

Broccoli Boi: Is Kacchan giving you trouble?

Me: Dont worry about it, he's not hurting me or anything like that. It's just a misunderstanding

Broccoli Boi: I see

"Kacchan, would you like to walk with us at the mall?"

Shinsou felt his heart stop, of course Midoriya would want them to work out their misunderstanding. He nearly groaned when Bakugou muttered something akin to a "yeah whatever". This trip was going to be hell.

Bakugou was seething on the train, not only had Shinsou shrugged him off, he chose to sit with the only person Bakugou couldn't stand more than Deku. His chest clenched in an awkward way when he saw

Iida wrap his big stupid arm around Shinsou. Shinsou didn't like physical contact that much, Bakugou knew that. But Iida didn't know that, he didn't know anything about Shinsou.

Bakugou nearly hit himself, he sounded like a jealous brat. Fuck did he have to be jealous of, it's not like he liked Shinsou, sure he found him kinda interesting and he wanted to know who hurt him, and thought about him all the time, but that was for reasons completely separate from romance. Though he didn't dwell on the fact that he did not know those reasons.

"Hey that brainwasher dude from the Sports Festival is here," Kaminari whispered to their group.

"Did you really just notice? He came with Midoriya, they seem to be friends," Sero smiled a little looking at Shinsou, "I heard he's pretty awkward and not as intimidating as he was when we saw him the first time."

Bakugou rolled his eyes at his friends and looked at Shinsou, only to be slightly angered when all of the eggplants attention was being held by Iida. Shinsou kept brushing him off and when all he did was try to help him. Bakugou decided that after he was done with Shinsou, he was never going to try and help anyone ever again.

"Deku," Bakugou almost groaned when he heard the name, he had to sit next to fucking Deku and the gravity chick for Shinsou, "Do you think Shinsou looks happier?" Bakugou nearly snorted, Shinsou looked about 5 seconds from brainwashing Iida into never speaking again.

"Shinsou's quiet...maybe letting Iida walk with him was a bad idea," no fucking shit Deku, "Maybe we should have him walk with Todoroki instead, they seem more alike."

Bakugou rolled his eyes, putting two socially awkward people together was a shitty idea, he was three seconds away from snarking at the two people beside him when he heard something that piqued his interest, "At least he's not around those guys from 1-C."

Bakugou resisted the urge to lean in and better hear the hushed voices, finally Deku was being useful and saying something he actually needed to hear. Now all he needed was a few names and he could solve the issue of-

"We probably shouldn't talk about that here," Uraraka whispered ending the conversation.

Fucking Moon face!

That time Bakugou did let out a growl, of course it would never be that easy. The universe was probably conspiring against him, trying to make his blood pressure go to astronomical levels before he was fifty. The only good thing to come out of this was that Shinsou finally looked in his direction, his face no longer sporting much evidence of his encounter. Their eyes met and the air between them became thick with tension, no one seemed to notice except for Deku, whose eyes flickered between them.

Bakugou raised an eyebrow when the boy beside him whipped out his phone. When he noticed he scrolled to Shinsou's contact he leaned in closer and almost laughed. A disgruntled Shinsou with drawn on whiskers and cat ears was the contact picture Deku had chosen for him. Sadly, his attempts to snoop hadn't gone unnoticed as Deku brought his right hand over his screen, preventing Bakugou from reading whatever he was typing.

Bakugou sat back with a huff as he watched the two text a few short messages, Deku's face was tense and displeasure was all over Shinsou to the point where he even put his phone away and seemed to be avoiding Deku's gaze.

"Kacchan, would you like to walk with us at the mall?" Bakugou stopped himself from smirking when he saw the look on Shinsou's face, a mix of betrayal and exasperation. He muttered some affirmative and sat back for the rest of the train ride.

This trip was going to be great.

Chapter End Notes

> Ended my hell week with a sinus infection oh well lol. Thank you all for all the support for my story it really makes me glad that you all enjoy it so much. If you read my Valentine's Day fic then look out for something special on Wednesday ;)

Malls and Mayhem

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“For the last fucking time! GO! OFF! ON! YOUR! OWN!”

“B-But you said you were gonna hang out with us,” Kaminari whined.

“I never fucking said that, I agreed to come. I never said it was to be with you idiots,” Bakugou huffed. Like a cheetah stalking a gazelle his eyes were trained on Shinsou’s form. All he wanted to do was go off with the other boy and finally settle everything once and for all.

“Bakugou..I’m not sure what’s going on but just don’t hurt Shinsou. He seems pretty shaky already,” Kirishima whispered patting Bakugou on the back and helped Sero drag away a rather sad Kaminari and a cosigning Mina. Bakugou stared at Kirishima’s retreating form, he swore that guy was actually a psychic or some shit.

“Kacchan hurry up,” Bakugou turned around and grinned at Shinsou’s pissed off expression. Midoriya had the taller boys arm in a death grip. Looking to the rest of them, his grin grew wider; Iida was in what seemed to be a heated conversation with Yaoyorozu and Half n’ Half and the gravity chick, sassy frog and little miss punk rock were already heading off towards some store. Now all he had to do was get rid of Deku.

Shinsou hissed something he couldn’t hear but whatever it was didn’t seem to affect Midoriya’s disposition as he started walking towards Bakugou instead, dragging a rightfully reluctant Shinsou with him.

“What store do you want to visit first?” Deku asked, looking between the both of them, eyes annoyingly wide.

“How about that one place that sells hero-merch, I heard they got new All-Might stuff,” as expected Midoriya’s smile grew too large for his face and tears threatened to stream down his face at the mention of his beloved hero.

“ *Or* , how about we go there after we have dinner. We’ll probably spend the most time there, no point in going from the get go,” Shinsou sighed already walking towards a different store. Bakugou was about to say something but felt a jab in his side. Glaring down he saw

Midoriya's classic "determination" face and was even more annoyed when he started making weird hand gestures at him.

"What the hell are you doing?" Bakugou hissed as they trailed behind Shinsou. Midoriya hadn't stopped trying to talk to him in code.

"I'm helping you and Shinsou," Bakugou stopped walking and pulled Midoriya back.

"What. The fuck. Did I tell you," the last thing he needed was for Midoriya to be involved with this.

"...You haven't told me anything...you actually haven't talked to me in a few days…"

Bakugou blinked a few times realising that he actually never told Deku to back off, his life for the last few weeks comprised mainly of searching for, talking to, and thinking about Shinsou. He hadn't even hurled his usual insults at shitty Deku.

"Well for good measure, fuck you, you suck, fuck you, and your hair reminds me of wet moss. Now that I'm back on schedule, stay out of my business," Bakugou grumbled.

"Shinsou is my friend Kacchan-"

"And what's happening is between us, not you so stay the fuck out of it."

"Are you two done, I'm tired of standing here and you're causing a scene," becoming rapidly self aware, the two teens realised the amount of people that were watching them but more so noticed Shinsou was within an earshot of them. The pair fumbled in their separation and rushed to opposite sides of the purple haired male.

"Sorry for making you wait Shinsou, right Kacchan?" Bakugou opted to scoff instead, no way he'd agree with Deku.

"Whatever, I don't mind the wait, just don't make a scene it's awkward," Shinsou's face turned a light pink as he noticed some people's eyes still lingered on their group. Bakugou rolled his eyes and looked at Shinsou. Something about the other teen was different, but he couldn't place his finger on it. He looked different, a bit taller actually, not as formal. That's when he realised it was his first time seeing Shinsou out of his uniform. The only thing the same about him was his hair. He was wearing a dark purple and black striped shirt, a

black jacket with matching black skinny jeans and combat boots. He looked...Bakugou felt the heat on his face.

“You look weird without your uniform on,” Shinsou stopped walking and gave him the same look Jirou gave Kaminari the first time he tried to jump a car by attaching the jumper cables to his nipples. Meanwhile Deku stood behind Shinsou, horrified.

“And you look like a dilapidated haystack attached to an perpetually angry scarecrow. Are we done with the name calling or must we continue to act like children?” Normally Bakugou would’ve yelled something back but Midoriya was in between them in a flash.

“Hahahaha, good one guys it’s great that we can have such fun laughs, right Kacchan,” Considering Deku looked seven seconds from San Francisco Flicking his ass through the mall, Bakugou took a different approach. Grabbing the shorter teen by the hood of his sweatshirt, he dragged him a past a few stores so they could still be seen by Shinsou but far away enough to not be heard.

“Leave.”

“I am not leaving you and Shinsou alone,” Bakugou decided that a confident and stronger Deku wasn’t more fun because he put up more of a fight for everything not just in combat.

“Shinsou and I are fucking fine, you’re just getting in the way,” Bakugou hissed glancing back at Shinsou, who happened to be looking at display in some shop.

“You two already insulted each other, your misunderstanding won’t just resolve itself if you don’t talk about it. I’m not helping you Kacchan, I’m helping Shinsou. He already deals with enough and he doesn’t need you to hurt him too,” For one of the few times in his life Midoriya looked Bakugou in the eye when he spoke to him. His voice refusing to waiver and his jaw hardset. Bakugou wanted to applaud him a little for getting a spine but at the same time it was incredibly annoying.

“Shinsou and I are having a misunderstanding that you can’t help with,” Bakugou knew he was going to regret this in the biggest way but couldn’t find it in himself to care at the moment. He just needed Deku gone, “We’re having...a couple’s spat.”

The broccoli boy looked as if his mind was rebooting, “You and Shinsou are having a...couple’s spat? Like as in you two

are….together?" Bakugou frowned sharply, was it that unbelievable that someone would have a crush on him and/or go out with him. He didn't answer that question himself.

"Yes, I want us to be public, he wants us to be private and we've been fighting about it. We wanted to take a break from each other tonight but we didn't know we'd end up both being dragged here so can you just leave us alone for a while. I'd like to work this out," Bakugou was lying through all 32 of his fucking teeth but he didn't care, he just needed Deku gone.

"That's why Shinsou didn't tell me why you were arguing," Midoriya looked downcast, "Sorry for intruding like that, I didn't know."

"Yeah, yeah well now you do. Don't go telling everyone about my boyfriend. He'll kill me and brainwash you into oblivion," with that Midoriya nodded solemnly and turned to go and find where his other friends had gone. Bakugou turned the other direction and looked at Shinsou, unsuspecting as ever.

Shinsou contemplated asking one of his dads to come and get him but the last thing he wanted was for Mic to interrogate him on why he needed to leave so early. Looking away from his phone he examine the display again, it was simple, just a few mannequins dressed in whatever style the store thought was "in" at the moment. He wasn't really looking to buy but more looking to waste time. For the second time since they got to the mall Midoriya and Bakugou has stepped away to have a "talk". Shinsou could only imagine how the two of them were deciding on anything.

Shinsou glanced their way and chills ran down his spine, Midoriya looked intense. Shinsou hadn't seen a look like that since the Sports Festival but he was glad that the Happy Broccoli could turn into Bold Broccoli, especially when he stood up to someone like Bakugou. But when he felt a presence next to him Shinsou's heart dropped to his stomach.

He was alone with Bakugou.

"W-where's Midoriya," Shinsou could already feel the panic setting in, he was separated from all others in a huge mall, with Bakugou Katsuki. The same Bakugou Katsuki that he shared many, many unpleasant experiences with in the past few weeks.

"Shiity Deku left, but you don't need to worry about all that. Let's go

in you were looking at shit in this store right," Bakugou easily answered the question and looked at Shinsou expectantly.

"Oh, I was just looking, I don't want anything from here," Shinsou shifted his weight to his right foot, eager to turn and walk away but he knew whatever effort he was going to put forth was futile when Bakugou grabbed his hand...his hand? Bakugou was holding, his hand. As in the hand that belongs to Shinsou. As in Shinsou's hand. The hand the has small purple hairs on it 'cause it's Shinsou's hand. His hand. And Bakugou was holding it.

"What the fuck are you doing," Shinsou knew his face was on fire and tried to hide himself in his jacket.

"Holding your hand what does it look like," Shinsou couldn't tell if Bakugou was socially inept or just didn't care. His hands were surprisingly soft and expectantly very warm. They were also slightly bigger than his own which made the purple headed teen a bit surprised.

"You don't just hold people's hands. You hold hands with your friend or your lover or something. You definitely don't hold hands with someone who isn't even your friend," Shinsou cursed as Bakugou started walking, effectively dragging him along.

"You're not my friend, you're my responsibility," Bakugou grumbled as he continued to pull him along.

"I never wanted to be, you made me your problem. Where are we going anyway?" Shinsou noticed that they were headed towards the quieter part of the mall, the part filled with bookstores, candle shops and the like. Bakugou stopped at a bench and sat down pulling Shinsou almost into his lap.

"Asshole," Shinsou moved over on the bench and noticed how the place was pretty empty compared to where they had been before. There were a good amount of people, but mainly older, more mature and even elderly shoppers. Definitely not a lot of people their age.

"Shinsou, I know someone in 1-C was the one who hurt you," Shinsou felt the bile rise in his throat. So much for easing into a conversation.

"How the hell did you find that out," He never told Bakugou anything, he made sure that whenever the hero student was following him around he'd steer clear of any of his classmates until he lost him.

“That doesn’t fucking matter, now give me a name, shit give me ten names and I’ll take care of it,” Bakugou’s eyes were aflame with determination, Shinsou saw the same fire from the Sports Festival burn in his eyes at that moment.

“It was-”

“Holy shit! Bakugou we didn’t expect to see you here.” Shinsou whipped around and ripped his hand out of Bakugou’s quickly praying no one in the approaching posse saw the act.

“Oh you’re Shinsou, nice to meet you, I’m Kaminari Denki, but most people just call me sexy,” Shinsou really hoped an act of God would take him out.

“No one calls him that, I’m Mina Ashido. You don’t seem all that scary up close.” Shinsou quirked an eyebrow, people thought he was scary? Well of course they did he could brainwash people. He let out a small dry chuckle so the girl wouldn’t think her comment offended him.

“What are you idiots doing here of all fucking places,” Bakugou was practically vibrating with anger.

“Kaminari wanted to pick up a book from that store over there,” Sero pointed to the small retailer shop in the corner.

“That’s bullshit! When has Kaminari ever read anything in his life!”

The group continued to squabble and Shinsou was able to pick up that the red headed one was Kirishima and the guy with weird elbows was Sero. He quickly decided that Sero was pretty chill, though a bit loud and he was an enabler for the two he deemed idiots. Kirishima was okay but he seemed like the type of person to get way to involved in his life just like two other boys in his class. While the five seemed engrossed in an argument about whether Kaminari could fully comprehend the Japanese language or not Shinsou scotted over to the otherside of the bench and took out his phone.

Me: hey

Broccoli Boi: What’s wrong?

Broccoli Boi: Do you need me to call?

Broccoli Boi: I can pretend to be your dad

Broccoli Boi: Or your other dad

Me: Midoriya calm down

Me: Just tell me where u r so I can come, Bakusquad showed up

Broccoli Boi: Around the food court, looking at a display

Shinsou slipped off the bench and stood for a few moments making sure he was unnoticed before he left. Turning the corner he broke into a half jog, at least he'd be far away when Bakugou noticed he was gone. Making his way through the mall and looking at various window displays, Shinsou thought about buying Mic a gift, his birthday was in a few weeks anyway. Taking a detour he walked into a department store and headed straight for the kitchen appliances.

"Well we have a lot of these things already, but he'd probably appreciate a new knife set, or maybe a muffin tin," Shinsou muttered to himself as he stood in front of the wide array of items before him.

"Shinsou," his spine was ice when he heard his name, the unfamiliar voice was close, dangerously close. He was shocked to find the heat of another person so near, yet he hadn't even heard them coming. He tried to look through his peripherals but could only make out a blue jacket and a larger person. A hand placed itself upon his shoulder as the person pressed a little closer to him.

"What do-"

"Don't speak unless you want me to sow your little mouth shut, okay? Just listen," Shinsou snapped his mouth closed and nodded his head, not daring to turn around.

"We saw you at the Sports Festival, you're very talented," disgust traversed through Shinsou's body, he knew exactly what this guy was.

"Look I'm not a vill-" his words were cut off when a hand wrapped around his mouth. Looking down his blood went cold, the hand looked like it belonged to a twenty year old ragdoll, a mix of purple and cream skin as well as a shoddy stich job adorned the constricting appendage.

"What did I say about speaking dummy? It's rude to interrupt people ya know," the stranger, no assailant, chuckled deeply. His laugh was like gravel in a grinder and filled Shinsou with absolute dread, "You're very interesting Shinsou Hitoshi, I hope we see more of each other

very soon," the Aizawa in him told him to turn around and at least try and see the face of this guy, but his body disagreed as he stood there motionless until he was sure the man was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for your kind comment and your kudos, it really means a lot! <3

Attack Dogs and Apologies

Chapter Notes

> *Small note before we begin, one of the big canon divergences is that UA always had dorms, so the school trip arc hasn't happened yet *

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shinsou still had shivers running down his spine when he got home, even after he found his friends and ate dinner he was shaken by his encounter with the stitch stranger. Even when Bakugou found him and forced him to eat with him he didn't complain, only staring blankly at his food.

"Snap out of it Hitoshi, it was just some guy," the conversation still rang in his ears, *we have been watching you, I hope we see more of each other* , who was we and did this guy really intend on tracking him down? Shinsou pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind, thinking about it would only stress him out more.

"I'm home," Shinsou called out as he entered the apartment. The temporary work home his parents lived at wasn't exactly ideal but it was close enough to the school that Aizawa could get to Class 1-A if anything went wrong at night.

"Toshi, you're back! What happened you look paler than usual?" Shinsou cursed Mic's perceptiveness. Ever since he met the man, Mic had always been able to tell when he was in a mood, or wasn't feeling well. It was like he had a sixth sense for understanding expressionless people.

"Nothing, I'm just tired, the 1-A guys are really active" Shinsou sighed.

"Yeah, you look kinda…worn out. I hope they weren't too rowdy for you," with that Mic walked back into the kitchen, most likely unconvinced. Shinsou made it to his room without further incident, other than petting Mochi, their cat, and changed into his sleepwear, a shower could wait until morning.

"Hitoshi, can I come in?" It still took Shinsou by surprise when his parents knocked and asked permission before entering. It was probably a bit of a low bar but coming from a place where no one

respected his boundaries it was quite refreshing.

“Yeah,” the door opened to reveal Aizawa holding a cup of what Shinsou assumed was tea.

“Mic said you were a bit frazzled so I made you some tea to calm you down,” Shinsou thanked him and grabbed a cup drinking the hot liquid, “So how is Bakugou doing?” Shinsou had to stop himself from spitting hot tea all over his father.

“W-why are you asking something like that,” Shinsou really hated how easily he blushed these days, it was like everyone could get a rise out of him.

“I assumed you were with him today, you guys are friends after all,” Shinsou remembered the courtyard incident and nodded.

“He’s fine, we just hung out today, not alone, with everyone else and all that…yeah.”

“You don’t have to tell me anything you aren’t comfortable with, if you go on secret dates with Bakugou you can keep them a secret for as long as you want,” Aizawa smirked as he finished the sentence and walked out of the room.

“I’m not going on secret dates you crusty old man!” Shinsou yelled back, leave it to Aizawa to tease him when he’s suffering. Lying down on his bed, Shinsou sighed as his mind went back to his encounter, “Think about something else idiot or you won’t sleep tonight,” his mind ultimately went to Bakugou. The blonde had practically attached himself to his side ever since *that* day, he still didn’t fully understand why.

His actions had been earnest, if this was some kind of joke Shinsou was probably being to stubborn at this point and Bakugou would’ve let go by now. Besides there wasn’t really a downside in telling him, other than the fact that Bakugou could annihilate his entire class when he found out the true extent of the bullying. But it wouldn’t be that bad, the rumours wouldn’t stop but they wouldn’t tease him so openly anymore and the definately would stop hurting him physically.

“Attack dog Bakugou,” Shinsou laughed at the prospect, maybe he would tell him and Bakugou would stop following him around, “I should probably just tell him so he can whatever he wants to do and leave me alone,” picking up his phone he texted Midoriya.

Me: Hey can you give me Bakugou's number

Broccoli Boi: You dont have his number…

Me: Nah

Broccoli Boi: Okay one sec

Shinsou typed out numerous messages but, none seemed okay enough to send. They'd all either be to formal or too awkward. In the end he just dropped his phone and gave up. Turning on some music he drank the rest of his tea and tired to get some sleep.

"What the fuck are you doing here," Bakugou was face to freckle with Midoriya again and he hated it. The sentient ball of moss and happiness wouldn't leave him alone.

"Iida will come if we stay in the hallway Kacchan," as much as Bakugou did not want Deku in his room, having Iida come and explain the importance on inside voices while simultaneously yelling was not something he wished to experience at the moment so he picked his poison. Opening the door fully he allowed the smaller boy inside, "You lied to me."

"First you come bothering me and now you're accusing me of some random shit like this? I will actually throw you out the wind-"

"You're not dating Shinsou!" Bakugou's mouth was open but no words came out. How the fuck did Deku figure that out in such a short amount of time, he made sure to keep the two of them separated, "He asked me for your number, he wouldn't do that if you were actually dating."

Bakugou blinked, he didn't receive a text from anyone let alone Shinsou. Text or no text he was caught red handed, he didn't even reject the notion that they weren't dating. Now he had two options, tell Deku to fuck off and kick his ass out of his room or tell him about Shinsou's problem and let him help.

"Fuck off Deku! Okay I lied, so what? I meant it when I said that this got nothing to do with you so leave Hitoshi alone!"

"…did you just call Shinsou by his first name?"

"Get the fuck out of my room," surprisingly, Midoriya walked out on

his own, albeit with a dazed look on his face. Bakugou slammed his door closed and ignored whatever Iida yelled about making noise at that time of the night.

“Hitoshi, Hitoshi, Hiiitooosshhhiii,” Bakugou flopped onto his bed as he tried out the name, “Why didn’t he send anything if he asked for my number?” Bakugou looked at his phone before putting it down and rolling over.

XX

Bakugou didn’t mean to follow Shinsou, okay that’s a lie. He didn’t have the original intention of following him, he just saw him and decided to see what he does when he’s by himself. It was lunch time at UA and Shinsou was heading to the courtyard, he’s truly a creature of habit. It had been four days since Bakugou found out Shinsou got his phone number and yet not a single text, complete radio silence.

Under his watchful gaze, Shinsou walked into the courtyard and sat down under the same tree that he always sat at,the same tree from when he had his black eye. He looked serene, the light bent all around him as the tree blocked the sun. He was like a nymph, blending into the scene around him, hiding from the cruel intentions of men. If only that was true.

“Hey freak,” Bakugou’s eyes ripped away from Shinsou to see the new arrivals. He wasn’t surprised when he recognised none of their faces, gen ed kids probably, but what shocked him was their numbers. Six guys all huddled up together coming towards Shinsou.

“What do you want now,” Shinsou’s voice was calm and straightforward, but Bakugou knew it was an act, Shinsou would never show that he was afraid, but his right leg was jumpy and his voice was too quiet, Bakugou knew he was scared.

“Wow, after all this time and you still won’t use your quirk to defend yourself, maybe you aren’t a villain after all,” Bakugou hated the look on that guy’s face. It was equal parts malice and sickening glee. But what had Bakugou enraged was Shinsou, he just sat there, he didn’t sass them back, argue with them. He wouldn’t even look up and meet their eyes, instead focusing on the ground below.

The same Shinsou that he had seen all those weeks ago was the Shinsou before him now, the *other* Shinsou. The Shinsou that was different from *his* sassy eggplant, the Shinsou that was crying, the Shinsou that was hurt by six ugly bullies, the Shinsou that Bakugou couldn't protect. Bakugou wasn't going to let that happen again.

"Hey fuckheads! All you assholes have til the count of one to get the fuck outta here before I blow your goddamn heads off."

Shivers raced down Shinsou's spine, he had never seen such intense emotion before. He honestly thought at the Sports Festival he'd seen it all, Bakugou at his angriest. But at that moment it was as if whatever kept Bakugou calm, as calm as he could be anyway, was gone. His face was scrunched up in fury, teeth barred like a raging ogre. HIs voice harsh with ferocity that Shinsou had never heard before. He took a moment to be thankful that the anger was not directed at him, he'd probably shit his pants.

"L-look man we were just joking, having some fun with Shinsou," the ringleader of the group, Takahashi, stuttered. He was tall, taller than Shinsou even and probably Aizawa too. If Shinsou remembered correctly his quirk was called echo or something.

"Well I'm not fucking laughing," Shinsou paled at Bakugou's sparking hands the last thing he needed was for the hero student to get in trouble because of him.

"Bakugou it doesn't matter let's go," Shinsou stood up and walked slowly to the volcano before him. Bakugou's eyes seemed to soften as Shinsou approached but almost popped out of his head when he was pulled back onto a hard chest.

"Shinsou, we aren't done yet. How about you tell your friend to leave, you'll be okay with us won't you?" Takahashi grinned, attempting to appear innocent. Shinsou looked up to the bully and contemplated staying, if he stayed he'd get roughed up a little bit but probably have only a few unnoticable scrapes. If he left, Shinsou winced, they'd probably catch him in the dorms and Takahashi would be angry. Attempting to sleep with a new black eye would not be ideal. Before Shinsou could respond he was ripped from Takashi's hold and a strong arm was around his middle. He could no longer see the faces of his attackers but they were more likely to be surprised if anything.

"I told you assholes to get the fuck out of here. If you all wanna act deaf, I'd be happy to help," with that a rather impressive explosion

was shot at the ground. Sweat dripped down from Shinsou's forehead onto Bakugou's shirt as nitroglycerin and almost unbearable heat invaded his senses. With a few huffs and loud whispers,the six boys retreated.

"Bakugou you di-"

"You were going to go with them," Shinsou yelped as he was pushed back. His heart tried to escape from his chest as he walked backwards. Bakugou's advance slow and mencacing, like a true predator.

"Look, Bakugou it wasn't, I wasn't trying to, I just," Shinsou couldn't find the words to stop him. No matter what sentence he started Bakugou was not calmed, he only got angrier and angrier.

"You were going to let them hurt you, you were going to let them hurt you when I was right here. You were going to tell me to leave you with them! What the hell is wrong with you?! Why do you take their shit?! Never fucking do that shit again," Bakugou raved, the veins on his neck were angry and bulging.

"Bakugou, it's easier if I just-"

"No it's not, they'll just do it again!" Shinsou flinched harshly and fell to the ground, reflexively pulling his arms around himself, covering his face. Only then did he realise he was crying.

"S-shinsou…Shinsou are you okay? Shit you're crying, please stop crying," Bakugou's voice turned soft but filled with panic. He knelt down and rested a hand on Shinsou'd head. Running out of things to say, Bakugou ran his hand through the panicked teens hair slowly, "Look stop crying, okay? I probably shouldn't have yelled at you. I'm sorry."

"Probably? Whatever asshole," Shinsou couldn't help but laugh a little in his false anger, Bakugou was acting all mother henish, it was cute. Leaning into his touch Shinsou began to calm down, until the bell sounded.

"Fuck I have to get to class," Shinsou spoke but neither of them made an attempt to move, "Bakugou, we'll be late."

"We're already late, why not enjoy it?"

Was getting ripped a new one by his parents worth skipping class to sit in a courtyard with Bakugou?

“Get up idiot I’m not getting in trouble with you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! I'm on spring break this week so I might post other stuff in this tag so if you want to read it look out for it

Father figures and friendships

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So you mean to tell me that you got caught up at lunch with Bakugou and it resulted in both of you being late for your afternoon classes?” Shinsou would argue that he was a good kid, he listened to his parents, he was quiet and much cleaner than most teens, let alone boys, his age. Even when he was bounced around from foster home to foster home, he tried his best not to step on any toes and be invisible.

“Yeah, it was an accident. Sorry if I made you worry,” despite all of that Shinsou had one flaw, he was an above average liar. It wasn’t necessarily a heroic skill, and he always theroised his quirk activated in a small way when he lied, why else would he be so good at it? Now Shinsou didn’t like to lie but he would admit sometimes, it was necessary.

“Well okay, just try to keep better track if your time, okay?” He hated the look Mic gave him, he knew the older man was concerned but at least he believed him. It’s not that he wanted to lie, he hated doing it, especially to Mic and Aizawa, but there were somethings he had to keep to himself.

“Are you going to tell Aizawa or…” Shinsou was a lot worse at lying to Aizawa, he always felt as though the man could see right through him and was waiting for the right time to spring it on him that he knew the truth already. It hadn’t happened yet but he knew his parents had been suspicious since he cancelled dinner for no real reason all those weeks ago.

“I’ll talk to him. He won’t be upset you were only late, but don’t make a habit of it, okay?” Mic was smiling now and Shinsou felt a bit uneasy, he still expected to be scolded and punished when he did something wrong and even though his new home was a billion times better than his old one, it was still going to take some time to get used to.

Shinsou sat in the rather small living room and prayed for summer break to come already, he was tired of studying and living between the dorms and their temporary apartment. His actual bed was a lot comfier than the ones he had to sleep on for the past few months and

he missed the view from their apartment. The lights of the city were something nice to look at during his restless nights while the scenery here was a dark alleyway and the one from his dorm was just a field of grass.

The door creaked open and Mochi ran to it, that could only mean that his other father had come home. Shinsou's heart was already speeding back up when he heard hushed voices in the kitchen, what if it all went wrong and Aizawa banned him from talking to Bakugou? What if he investigated and found out he was being bullied? What if there were security cameras and Aizawa knew everything the entire time and was waiting until he messed up to reveal everything? What if-

"Hey Hitoshi, you can make out with your secret boyfriend all you want, but try and keep it to after school, okay? Don't be late again," Or maybe Aizawa didn't know anything at all.

"I don't have a boyfriend! And if I did it's not like I wouldn't tell you guys," Shinsou grumbled pressing his face into one of the plush throw pillows. Even though he couldn't see Aizawa's face he knew there was a smirk on it.

"Toshi, when did you start being friends with Bakugou? I thought you didn't like him," Shinsou sighed at Mic's question, it was true he wasn't very fond of Bakugou, especially after the Sports festival fiasco but now they were…

"I don't know, a few weeks ago I guess. We just started talking and stuff…" Shinsou trailed off. Getting up he peeked into the kitchen and saw his parents setting up for dinner. Another thing he had to get used to was that he was included in the domesticity of the house, he no longer ate crap for dinner in his corner of his room but now sat with his parents at the dinner table and ate something that was actually sufficient in nutrients.

"Well I'm glad you're making more friends," Shinsou smiled a little, it was true his amount of friends doubled, from one to two, but double is double. And he could consider some of Midoriya's friends his acquaintances, even if he was too nervous to really say much to them, they still smiled at him when he passed them.

"Hitoshi, stop standing there like a creep and sit down," Shinsou jumped a little when he realised he was in full view of Aizawa. Taking his seat, he also took note that the stupid smirk Aizawa had was still on his face, more teasing was on its way.

“So Hitoshi, a while ago Bakugou mentioned you left something in his dorm, I didn’t know you visited his dorm,” Aizawa segued nonchalantly. Shinsou almost fell out of his seat, how the fuck did he remember that? It happened weeks ago.

“Um yeah I got it back, it was just a CD I was showing him,” Shinsou shrugged taking a bite of his dinner.

“I thought it was a book.”

Fuck.

Shinsou looked up from his meal and came face to face with a knowing look, “Maybe it was that time, I don’t know. I’ve left a lot of stuff there by accident.”

“So you go over to Bakugou’s dorm regularly?” Mic had a small smile on his face, he either didn’t catch what was going on or he wasn’t letting it on that he did.

“Yeah, we hang out a lot,” Shinsou continued to dig his hole deeper, the stories and descriptions he supplied kept getting more vivid as he used random things he picked up from hearing the 1-A kids speak to make his stories believable. So technically he wasn’t lying, just inserting himself into the truth.

“Wow, you must really enjoy spending time with him,” Mic’s smile grew, he knew it had always been hard for Shinsou to make any friends, hearing him speak fondly Bakugou and 1-A filled him with hope that Shinsou would be alright. Shinsou beat back is guilt with a stick, he was lying for everyone’s sake not just his own.

“Are you sure you don’t want to tell us about your secret boyfriend, it’s not fair to hide him from us when you make it so obvious,” Aizawa half-chuckled, a shit eating grin on his face. Shinsou decided he liked it better when Aizawa had a look of complete indifference.

“I don’t have a boyfriend!”

“Kaminari if I punch you right now, would I be wrong?” Bakugou was fed the fuck up. First his dumbass friends decided to invade his room, then they decided they wanted to talk about stupid shit and now..

“Oh come on, you guys are always all buddy-buddy in secret. Like when we saw you at the mall I swear you were holding hands,” Kaminari said from his spot on the floor. He had a thoughtful pout on his face as he looked up from the manga he was reading.

“It’s okay if you have a boyfriend, you don’t have to hide him from us,” Sero chuckled but immediately his eyes went wide, “Wait, being alone, holding hands, stealing him away from Midoriya, and you were late to class because you were with him. Holy shit! Bakugou you actually got a boyfriend and didn’t tell us!”

Before Bakugou could say anything he was cut off by Mina, “Oh my god how could you not tell us something like that! And you bagged a cutie like Shinsou, shame on you I thought we were friends,” Bakugou was five seconds from blowing up 75% of his friends.

“Hey guys, don’t you think you should go now! It’s almost dinner time and I think Sato is cooking tonight,” Kirishima strategically placed his arm across Bakugou’s chest, a nervous smile on his face. Getting the hint the three of them rushed out of the room.

“Bakugou, can you be honest with me for a moment,” Bakugou sighed, Kirishima put on his Concerned Friend™ voice, his attempt at a heart to heart conversation was coming, “What do you feel when you look at Shinsou?” Bakugou’s forehead creased with confusion, he thought Kirishima was going to ask him if he had a boyfriend or if he was bullying Shinsou but he didn’t expect...that.

“Nothing, he’s just a guy,” Kirishima’s face did not change to show he was annoyed, nor did he give up.

“Bakugou, be honest. What do you feel?” Kirishima smiled at him, “If you don’t know that’s fine too. I’ll stop asking if you want me to.”

Bakugou sighed, Kirishima was always good at getting to talk about things he didn’t want to, “I don’t know. He’s sassy and teases me and he doesn’t like to show his emotions on his face but he always gives them away. And he does this weird thing where his nose twitches when he’s happy and his smile is kinda weird at first but it’s kinda cute or something and he blushes a lot and he stutters sometimes and he doesn’t make a lot of eye contact even though his eye colour is really nice and I don’t know I feel like I have to protect him and he...why are you looking at me like that?” Kirishima had one hand covering the lower half of his face, eyes wide and brimming with...tears?

“You-you like him, you actually have a crush on someone!”

“No I fucking don’t! He-”

“Bakugou the way you were going on about him, you sounded like Midoriya when he talks about Todoroki!” Fuck.

“I do not sound like fucking Deku and I do not have a fucking crush on Hitoshi!” Bakugou slapped his hands over his mouth at the same time that Kirishima did on his cheeks.

“You guys are on first name basis already!”

“No, it was an accident! Hit-Shinsou doesn’t think of me that way and I don’t think of him like that either,” Bakugou knew his face was red and the pungent smell of nitroglycerin only indicated his nervousness.

“Then why do you want to protect him?” Bakugou frowned, he wanted to protect Shinsou because he didn’t like how he looked when he got picked on. When he was bullied he was different, he wasn’t his Shinsou anymore. He wasn’t his Shinosou. His Shinsou... *his?*

“Fuck,” Bakugou fell back onto his bed, “I like Shinsou, fuck!” Kirishima was speaking in gibberish beside him, the only words he could make out were happy, Shinsou, and marriage? Bakugou shook his head, something like this would never go anywhere, all he did was scare Shinsou, he was pretty sure he made the other teen cry at least twice. He didn’t even know if Shinsou liked guys or girls or anyone for thing matter, the only thing he seemed attracted to was coffee, “Kirishima it won’t work out.”

“Nonsense! You’re BakuGOu not BakuSTOP,” Kirishima had the biggest fucking smile on his face that Bakugou had ever seen, which made him almost feel bad for hitting his friend over the head.

“He’s probably scared of me or he probably likes someone else,” Bakugou frowned at the prospect, not a lot of people got Shinsou, if anything he would have a crush on Deku or someone who Bakugou either didn’t know or couldn’t compete with.

“Then you gotta lay down the charm, seduce him, play the game. You’re hella manly you’ll make him swoon in no time,” Bakugou was 99% sure Shinsou would die before he’d swoon. The only sound in the room was fingers hitting screen as Kirishima furiously typed on his phone. Thrusting the device to Bakugou, Kirishima gave him an encouraging look as he read the website, “How to Seduce a Man: 14

steps (with Pictures)".

"Kirishima you fucking idiot! I am not using a wikihow article to learn how to make Shinsou like me!" Bakugou threw the phone back at his friend, it really was pointless. But that wasn't going to stop Kirishima from trying.

"Well you at least have his number right?" Bakugou pulled a face, "How could you stalk a guy for two months and not have his number?"

"Deku said that Shinsou asked him for mine but the fucker never texted me or anything, and before you say anything I am not asking fucking Deku for Shinsou's number," Kirishima closed his mouth and pouted.

"Well just ask Shinsou," Bakugou remembered the last time he attempted to get Shinsou's contact information form him, he rather not have to slap himself again. Besides, if Shinsou liked him then he would text him, he wasn't texting so he didn't feel the same way end of story. Bakugou knew he should start preparing himself for rejection now, but that didn't stop him from checking the notifications on his phone every five minutes.

Chapter End Notes

ˆ0ˆ/ As always thank you for reading and thank you to those who comment regularly, I really look forward to reading them <3!

Busybody friends and budding "bromances"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Bakugou, aren’t we supposed to be studying?” Kirishima asked as they ducked around another corner. Final exams were coming up and Bakugou decided that he was going to help Kirishima study. During their rather intense study sessions, which comprised of Bakugou screaming formulas and Kirishima forgetting material due to laughing too hard, there was one thing that Kirishima learnt so far that did stick in his head. Bakugou had it **bad** . Everyday without fail he’d watch Shinsou leave class and go to the library or the gym or wherever he went and try to talk to him only for him to usually be told that the gen ed student was busy.

“He said he was going to the store today and he didn’t ask me to go so that means he’s going by himself or with someone he doesn’t wanna tell me about. Either way it’s bad,” Bakugou explained, his eyes still trained on Shinsou. The unassuming teen walked into a convenience store, causing Bakugou to curse at the loss of visual contact, “Besides, he’s been avoiding me again, fucker could be hiding shit from me.” Kirishima did not point out that Bakugou sounded like a jealous boyfriend.

“General Education has finals too, probably more than we do. I’m pretty sure they don’t have one with any quirk usage so they probably have harder written exams. He’s probably just studying a lot,” Kirishima’s reasoning fell on deaf ears as Bakugou was already on the move. Kirishima would have just walked normally if Bakugou hadn’t yanked him into a crouching position. So here they were, two very conspicuous students, crouch walking in the middle of the day, obviously following another person, “I’m surprised no one has called the police yet,” Kirishima sighed.

“What the hell are they doing here,” Bakugou growled. It only took a second before Kirishima noticed freckles and green floofy hair. But Midoriya wasn’t hanging out with Shinsou, oh no, he was behind a bush with Todoroki watching the gen ed student as well, “Deku why the fuck are you here?!”

“Oh K-Kacchan, well uh you see, um I asked Shinsou if he wanted to study with us for English but he said he had somewhere to go and he

shouldn't be leaving campus by himself, especially after USJ but he said that it was fine and that he had someone to go with but I didn't see anyone with him when I saw him leave and he-" Bakugou slapped a hand over Midoriya's mouth as the Kirishima and Todoroki gave each other a look of solidarity. Looks like the price of friendship is following your friend on adventures to stalk purple headed brainwashers.

"You talk too much," Bakugou sighed, "Besides I'm watching Shinsou already so you don't have to be here. Go away," Todoroki already began walking back when Midoriya caught the back of his shirt prompting him to sigh.

"He's my friend too Kacchan and we," Midoriya pulled Todoroki closer, making the taller boy blush, "are going to make sure he's safe."

"You brought this upon yourself," Kirishima tensed and watched Bakugou's hands for any sign of sparking, if he moved quick enough he could block the blast and maybe-

"Oi Half n Half, Deku has a fucking crush on you, you dense motherfucker," Kirishima didn't know whether to laugh or pity the blubbering mess that became Midoriya and the look of pure astonishment on Todoroki's red face, "Let's go porcupine," Kirishima decided on being sympathetic.

"That was brutal," Kirishima looked back, the two teens still stood there red faced and incoherent.

"All's fair in love and war Kirishima."

Shinsou sighed as he walked in another circle, hearing Bakugou's not so quiet curse when he almost caught a glimpse of him. He had to admit he didn't know anyone was following him at first, but whenever Midoriya and Bakugou were combined, it was bound to get loud. Shinsou walked into another store and pretended to look at stuff, through one of the mirrors bolted to the ceiling he could see Kirishima's signature spiked hair.

Shinsou knew that he could walk out there and confront them but it was funnier to watch them act sneaky. Walking out of the store he decided to have some fun, he stared at the bush the two of them were behind and narrowed his eyes like he thought he saw something. After

a few good seconds he shrugged and forced himself to keep a straight face when he heard sighs of relief followed by the sound of someone getting hit.

“Shinsou,” fuck, “what are you doing here?” Shinsou turned around and came face to face with Aizawa. Shinsou wasn’t dumb, he knew the rules. No leaving campus without at least one other student. And here he was alone, and caught by his father. Some people would think that meant he’d get off easy, those people had never met Aizawa. He knew unless he acted quickly there’d be hell to pay.

“I’m getting stuff with Bakugou and Kirishima, they’re over there,” The pair of stalkers groaned as they were outed, “I just went in this store real quick and now we’re going back to school okay bye,” Shinsou waved hurrying past his father and to the bush that two disgruntled teens now stood beside.

“You knew the whole time didn’t you, you bastard?”

Shinsou only smiled.

XX

“Why were you guys stalking me?” Shinsou asked. They were on their way back to campus and he had to admit he was a little curious. Bakugou always seemed like the big confrontation type of guy and Kirishima would have supported him, but no the two of them ducked behind corners and dived into bushes to avoid being seen.

“You were acting weird as shit you pale ass zombie,” Bakugou barked, “You almost got busted by Aizawa for being out without someone else. Are you trying to get your dumbass expelled! And where the fuck were you even going, you only bought one thing but you went into like ten stores!” Shinsou inched away from Bakugou’s side, the rambling Midoriya vibes came off of Bakugou in waves. Speaking of Midoriya…

“Where did Midoriya and Todoroki go?” Shinsou directed the comment at Kirishima, the poor boy had tears in his eyes but still somehow kept a smile on his face. He must have been strong to smile through whatever emotional pain he was in from not being included in the conversation, especially since he looked so invested in whatever Bakugou and him said.

“Oh...Bakugou kinda exposed Midoriya’s crush and then we left…”

Kirishima sighed rubbing the back of his neck.

“You idiot I told you we had to let him do it on his own!”

“It was fucking pathetic! Half n Half wouldn’t know Deku liked him if Deku swung his fucking boner in his face.”

“Yeah, but you have no tact at all! You probably said, ‘Oi, Todoroki fucking Deku has a crush on you, you’re dense as fuck’,” Shinsou growled, his impression of Bakugou had taken weeks to perfect just for this glorious moment.

“N-No I didn’t!”

“You just fucking stuttered you liar! Kirishima what did- eh Kirishima are you alright?” Gigantic tears freely fell from Kirishima’s eyes but his smile looked even bigger. His sharp teeth glistened in the light which Shinsou found a tiny bit menacing.

“I’m fine,” Kirishima choked back a sob, “Keep talking, don’t worry about me.” Shinsou shrugged as Bakugou grumbled something about something being too obvious but he didn’t really bother to decipher Bakugou’s angry-speak.

“Oi Shinsou, what are you doing tomorrow?” Bakugou asked, “We’re studying Physics if you wanna come.”

“Can’t, I have to practice something then I have a project to get done,” Shinsou sighed, Bakugou wasn’t great at expressing his feelings but there were small signs. His broad shoulders slumped a little lower, his normal scowl looked a bit sadder and he dodged any attempts at eye contact, “After exams we can hang or something I guess, you can come too Kirishima,” Shinsou smiled a little when Bakugou perked up. His face grew more neutral, maybe even a hint of a smile was on it. He looked kinda peaceful.

“Sure,” Bakugou said before Kirishima let out a rather gross sob.

“I said you could come! Why are you crying?!”

Chapter End Notes

I decided to write this chapter kinda last minute because I wanted

a transition between chapter 9 and what will be chapter 11, but I realized that I'm being kinda evil considering next weeks chapter. I also won't update on 22nd because I'll be on a school trip (part of the reason why what I'm doing is evil.) As always thank you for reading, for your comments and your kudos!

Mistakes and Missing peoplr

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shinsou stretched, having finished his final for gym, having successfully run the basketball drill he smiled. He took a moment to be glad he was on the taller sie or his layups would have been tragic. He headed back to the locker room. The air in the room was stale and carried the odor of sweat and hypermasculinity. Disgusting. But it was a locker room used by teenage boys so it was to be expected, maybe the girl's locker room smelled a bit better. Shinsou headed to the shower and turned it on, waiting for the cool water to warm before stripping himself and getting in.

It was his last final and the day before summer break, Shinsou couldn't help but be excited. He would be going home for real, to their real house. Back where all his stuff was, where Mochi's cat tree was, where he could wake up and make a big breakfast with his parents and watch movies until the middle of the night with them. He passed all his exams and clawed his way to first in the class, they would be so surprised and so proud of him when he showed them the results. Well he doubted it would be much of a surprise, they were teachers after all and probably already knew but he still wanted to show them.

As the water hit his sweaty body, the tension in his muscles was undone, pushing him into a state of relaxation. The past few weeks had been hard. Avoiding what few friends he had in favour of studying made him feel a bit like a jerk, especially when Midoriya used his big green puppy dog eyes or when he saw the slight pout Bakugou made when he turned him down. Making plans with them as soon as possible was probably in his best interest. But above that he swore that Takahashi's dumbass had been glaring at him ever since the incident in the courtyard.

"Hey freak," speak of the fucking devil, "We have unfinished business." Shinsou contemplated walking out naked, Takahashi would never see it coming and judging by the lack of goonish grunts, he was alone.

"Look man, can we do this when I'm not wet and naked? Lemme at least shower in peace," Shinsou sighed, this was getting old. He could put up with his stuff missing from his desk, he could live with getting

roughed up, shit he didn't even bat an eye at the name calling anymore but in the showers? Really?

"Oh kitten has claws now huh? Did your boyfriend tell you to start fighting back or are you too busy sucking him off to have a heart to heart?"

"What the hell are you-" Shinsou stopped mid sentence. Bakugou, the fucker was talking about Bakugou, "Shut up. Shut the fuck up," Shinsou turned off the water with more force than necessary. Wrapping a towel around his waist, Shinsou stepped out of the shower and glared at his tormentor. Takahashi sported a crooked smirk on his smarmy bastardous face, the air around him reeked of his smug overconfidence.

"Or maybe you're just grumpy? He didn't fuck you today? Like a good little slu-" Takahashi's eyes glazed over as Shinsou took hold of his mind. The struggle against his quirk was fierce, but Shinsou crushed the resistance with ten times the amount of ferocity. Glaring at Takahashi with months worth of pent up anger and held back aggression Shinsou spoke his commands. Shinsou had always repeated the same mantra in his head, "Grin and bear it," but now pot was starting to overflow. The cracks in the dam gave way. This time they would all see the bad guy they always made him out to be.

XX

Shinsou sat in the apartment biting his lip as Aizawa and Mic sat across from him. Like a guilty dog he kept his eyes trained to the table, not daring to look at either of his parents. He knew what their faces held. Mic would lay it all out in the sun, his green eyes containing tears, his hair frazzled from excessive finger combing, his face showing nothing but sadness and betrayal. Aizawa would be different though, not an emotion in sight. His face, a blank piece of paper, but Shinsou knew behind those eyes was a tornado of anger and immense disappointment. He wasn't ready to face them, he couldn't face them.

"Would you like to explain or should we just read the report out loud," Shinsou couldn't help but flinch, there was no emotion in that voice, that was not the Aizawa that took him in and took him away from his foster parents clutches. This was the Aizawa that expelled students.

“He was taunting me. He’s been doing it for a little while,” Shinsou half lied, “He confronted me in the shower, said somethings and it got out of hand,” Out of hand was one way to put it. Making Takahashi stick his head in the toilet and flush was another way. He didn’t mean to go as far as he did, having the boy half drowned and coughing up water, but he was angry, not just at his bully but at everyone else who wronged him.

When he gave his command he didn’t just see Takahashi, he saw his last foster parents and all the ones before them, he saw his bystander classmates who never tried to help him, he saw his “friends” from middle school who would make jokes about Shinsou going villian one day, he saw the faded vision of his mother’s crying face and his father’s scowl. He was honestly surprised he didn’t injure Takahashi more than he did, he practically released all his frustrations on him.

“Shinsou,” Shinsou tucked his chin deeper into his chest, Aizawa never used his family name in private, “you used your quirk to hurt someone, do you ever realise the gravity of the situation? You could be kicked out of UA Shinsou! What if Takahashi presses charges? Do you want to be a villain!” Shinsou could feel the tears but he refused to let them fall, not now, not in front of Aizawa’s screaming face.

“Shouta calm down! He only reacted to-”

“Hizashi, he used his quirk against someone!” Shinsou flinced harshly.

He didn’t mean it Ryuuichi! He just wanted they toy, he’s only six!

He’s a menace! I am not raising a villain Hinata!

“Shut up! Just stop!” His parents stopped yelling, light blue hair blended with blonde and he wasn’t sure if the eyes looking at him were Aizawa’s red quirk activated ones or his father’s deep violet.

“Hitoshi, it’s okay. He didn’t mean to yell like that. We know you didn’t mean to hurt him like that. You were just angry,” Shinsou shook his head, his mom, no Mic was wrong. He wanted to do it, he wanted Takahashi to feel pain, to know what it was like to be afraid. He wanted to do it.

“I’m going to bed,” neither of them tried to stop him as he walked into his room.

“Nice job Hitoshi, you’ve barley been here four months and you already screwed up,” Flopping down on his bed, Shinsou could still

hear their voices in the living room but refused to strain his ears to listen to the conversation, “They’re probably deciding on whether to give me up or not,” Shinsou knew they wouldn’t, Mic and Aizawa weren’t like the others, this home was permanent. They loved him and he did nothing but keep secrets, maybe it was time to actually come clean.

Shinsou got up even though he didn’t really want to, walking to the door he froze when he heard what Mic said, “We can’t send him there, he’ll hate us.”

“He’ll agree to go, it’s for his own good,” Aizawa sighed. Shinsou paled, they wouldn’t, they adopted him, this was his home too.

“Of course he’ll agree to go but that doesn’t mean he’ll want to,” something creaked, he could tell Mic sat down, “I don’t want him to hates us Shouta,” Shinsou’s heart dropped, he’d never heard Mic sound so defeated.

“Hizashi, he needs to go, it’s better for all of us,” Shinsou found himself on the balcony before he knew what he was doing, bedsheets in hand fashioned into a rope. The apartment was only on the second floor, it wouldn’t be hard to just go.

“This is stupid,” Shinsou told himself, but Aizawa’s red eyes flashed in his mind. Red eyes. Aizawa activated his quirk on him when he yelled at them, he thought Shinsou would use his quirk on them. Shinsou grabbed his backpack and dumped out his school stuff, he didn’t even bat an eye at the results sheet as it fell to the floor. He ripped open his drawer too fast making more noise than he meant to, he began to stuff a few articles of clothing and essentials into his bag.

“Toshi, you okay in there I thought I heard something fall?”

“Fuck,” Shinsou whispered, “It was nothing, I just bumped into the nightstand,” he threw in a yawn to seal the deal, “I’m just kinda worn out,” he only heard a sigh and a sad good night before he heard the footsteps fade. He fished out the money he kept behind the drawer, the money he had been saving to buy Mic a present with, and put it into his bag as well.

Throwing more things into his bad he stopped at his charger. Looking at it, Shinsou wonder if taking his phone was worth it. They wanted him gone, they wouldn’t try and track him down and besides, airplane mode existed. So he stuffed the charger into his bag and his phone into his pocket.

“All done,” he whispered to himself as he grabbed his wallet and keys. Shinsou grimaced at the objects, he dropped the key onto his bed, he wouldn’t be needing them anymore, and opened his wallet. Inside was a picture of the day he was officially adopted. He was standing in between Mic and Aizawa, all three smiling, well Mic was smiling, Aizawa and Shinsou had the whole half smile half smirk thing going on. They stood in front of their house, the same one he wanted to go back to. A few drops fell onto the picture, Shinsou bit his lip to hold back a sob. His family was ruined and he had no one to blame but himself. Shinsou ripped the picture out, creating a tear in the middle. Rubbing his salty tears into his face, he went to the balcony and began his descent. The picture left discarded on the floor.

“Who the fuck is calling me at 3am,” Bakugou groaned. He could no longer feel the lingering pain of the bruises he endured from his final exam, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t exhausted. Whichever one of his idiot friends that decided to call him at this time better be prepared for his wrath. Looking at the screen he sat up, his eyebrows drew together, Aizawa-sensei was calling him.

“Hello,” Bakugou answered the phone unsurely, he was probably one of the few students that never contacted Aizawa. The dorm parent made sure to have everyone’s contact information and asked, read forced, them all to take down his number as well.

“Bakugou,” Bakugou frowned, Aizawa sounded out of breath, was he calling Bakugou while he was on patrol, “Please tell me that Hitoshi is with you.”

Bakugou frowned, why would he be with Shinsou in the middle of the night? He said he was going home after school ended and wouldn’t be at the dorms, “Shinsou said he was going home today. Can’t you call is parents to confirm his absence?” Aizawa didn’t answer for a moment before he heard the older man curse over the line.

“He didn’t tell you,” Aizawa whispered more to himself than to Bakugou, “Nevermind, go back to bed. Sorry for disturbing you.” With that the line went dead, but Bakugou’s worries were very much alive. Shinsou went home, that means he had permission and even if he didn’t they could call his house. Aizawa isn’t even 1-C’s dorm parent, he shouldn’t be looking for him. Unless Shinsou didn’t make it home. Bakugou jumped out of bed and ran out of his room and to Midoriya’s,

he was Shinsou's first friend, he'd have to know where he was. Knocking quieter than he wanted to he sighed in relief when he heard movement on the other side of the door.

"Deku, Shinsou is-" Bakugou stopped talking when he came face to face with a Midoriya.

His face was red from lack of air, tear stains and snot already marred his freckled cheeks, his forrest green eyes were bloodshot and full of tears.

"Shinsou's gone, I know. Mic called me to ask if he was staying with me. Kacchan he ran away from home," tears spilled over and Midoriya brought one bandaged hand up to his face, "I don't know why he'd leave, he was happy there. They adopted him, unless they had a fight, but M-Mic and Aizawa w-wouldn't hurt him," Bakugou narrowed his eyes at Midoriya's jumbled words, what did Mic and Aizawa have to do with Shinsou running away from his-

"Mic and Aizawa are his parents," Bakugou sighed pinching the bridge of his nose, a lot of shit just made sense. All the random meetings between classes and weird familiar touches. He always wondered why Aizawa would show that much affection to a student in general, not just one he doesn't teach.

"I wasn't supposed to, damn it," Deku groaned into his hands, Bakugou had to admit he felt a little bit of sympathy, Deku looked like a fucking mess. And now that fucking mess was pulling on his jacket.

"Where the hell are you going?" Bakugou sighed pushing Midoriya back in his room. The look Deku gave him made him almost take a step back, even after he gained enough confidence to start standing up to him, Midoriya always stayed the same plucky, sunshine and rainbows, broccoli sprout. The person in front of him was anything but.

"I'm going to find Shinsou, if he's mad at Aizawa and Mic then he'll need someone else to bring him to his senses. Shinsou wouldn't just run away, he had a reason and I have to talk him out of it," Midoriya whispered darkly, his eyes hard set.

"For fuck's sake, Deku-"

"Are you coming or not, the more you talk the farther away Shinsou gets! Who knows where he is right now! He could be hurt or kidnapped! People watched the Sports Festival Kacchan, they know

what he can do, they know his quirk! What if someone took him, what if he's running away because he was threatened," Bakugou frowned. The only person to ever threaten him were those assholes from his class, but they couldn't threaten him enough for him to run away.

"Fine, meet me downstairs in five minutes, and while you're at it try calling him, maybe he'll pick up if it's you."

Chapter End Notes

> Thank you for reading! Due to my aforementioned trip I won't be updating next Sunday, so sorry to leave you in suspense here for two weeks, I might post something on Thursday but both wips are new multichapter fics so I might not unless I post a oneshot, so we'll what happens. As always thank you for your support, it means a lot <3. See you on the 29th!

Lost and Almost Found

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shinsou sighed, the bus was practically empty by the time he woke up, the other passengers had got off to relieve themselves at the rest stop. Looking at the vending machine, Shinsou frowned and turned away, he was already down 12,400 yen. Getting from Musutafu to Tokyo had cost him only a little bit of money but a bus ticket out Tokyo really put a dent in his savings. Grabbing a bar from his bag to quiet his stomach, Shinsou took his phone off airplane mode, and almost dropped it with the amount of messages and missed calls he had. Mic and Aizawa had well over 200 missed calls and messages combined, there was 30 from Midoriya and a text from Bakugou. Shinsou furrowed his brow and opened the message, he'd never given Bakugou his number.

Bakubaka: Where the fuck r u! I swear I'm going to kick your dumbass when I find you

Shinsou's lips quirked up at the corners, Bakugou wouldn't find, him not here. Deleting the messages, missed calls and voicemails, Shinsou paused at Bakugou's and then exited the messaging app. Turning his phone back on airplane mode he plugged in his headphones, a few more hours and they'd be in Osaka.

Shinsou sighed at the nagging sensation in the back of his mind. They tried to reach out to him, they were worried. But he knew he couldn't go back, he wouldn't go back. But Bakugou's undeleted message still hovered in his mind, like a song he couldn't get out of his head. Shinsou opened the messaging app and swiped the message, ready to delete. All he had to do was delete the thing and then it wouldn't be bothering him so much, he already deleted Mic, Aizawa and Midoriya's messages, shit he didn't even read them. He turned his service back on.

Me: Im fine, dnt worry

Me: Tell everyone Im srry

Shinsou sighed, completely defeated, he had to at least tell them he wasn't dead, right? When his phone vibrated, Shinsou declined

Bakugou's call, he could already hear the curses coming from the explosive blonde.

Bakubaka: PICK UP THE FUCKING PHONE NOW

Me: no

Bakubaka: Shinsou stop being an idiot and pick up the phone

Bakubaka: Please

The phone rang again and Shinsou sighed, Bakugou never said please. Picking up the phone, Shinsou braced for the yelling but it didn't come.

"Shinsou," Bakugou's voice sounded like someone poured gravel down his throat.

"You sound terrible, are you sick or something?" Shinsou winced at the aggravated sigh.

"I was out since 3 am looking for your dumbass, I've been looking for you for fours fucking hours! What the hell are you doing running off like that. Where are you?" The desperation was clear as a cloudless day and it made Shinsou's throat dry, "Look I don't know what happened and I'm not gonna pretend that I do, but running away isn't the answer Shinsou."

Shinsou shook his head, of course they wouldn't tell them why he ran away, they should know by now that he heard their plans, "I'm leaving because I want to Bakugou, sorry. Bye," Shinsou could hear Bakugou's ragged voice start to yell but he hung up before words could be formed. It was better this way, he was old enough to get a part time job somewhere, and he could probably stay at a 24 hour manga cafe or something until he saved up enough money to get an apartment.

Shinsou smiled, he was gonna be alright. Mic and Aizawa would give up soon, they were gonna send him away anyway, Midoriya would get over it eventually, he had other friends to keep him company. And Bakugou, Shinsou frowned, he would be fine. He had bigger things to worry about other than where Shinsou was going, he wanted to be the number one pro after all.

You're not my friend, you're my responsibility.

Shinsou flinched at the memory, though he still didn't understand why Bakugou started hanging around him he knew the status of their relationship had changed. Bakugou was no longer a burden, but a friend. Someone he could spend time with, he even promised to hang out with him after final exams. They were supposed to start a better friendship, one where he wouldn't feel uncomfortable texting Bakugou nor would he be secretive about what he was doing.

Shinsou sighed as he got off the bus, he was being an idiot. He'd been moved from house to house before and it never bothered him enough to try and run from the system. This time wasn't any different. The problem wasn't the home, it never was, between everyone who wanted to get rid of him, he was the only common denominator. He needed to go back and take it like a hero would, straight to his face. He hoped he wouldn't cry this time.

Nagoya, Japan was an okay place, he could see why some people called it boring though. It didn't seem as lively as Tokyo though but it looked kinda the same with it's high rises and hero agencies. Shinsou walked aimlessly through the city for a while trying to say close to the station.

"Let's see, 11,000 for a ride back on the bullet train…" Shinsou sighed as he checked his wallet, counting his change he had only 8000 left. Shinsou cringed at the thought of calling his Aizawa or Mic. Not only would he have to explain himself but he'd also have to ask them to come get him. Riding in a car with two angry pro heros really wasn't how Shinsou planned to spend any of his time that summer. Exiting the station, Shinsou looked around, how hard could it be to find some little side job that he could do for a few days, just to make a little bit of money, he could return in a week or so.

He could hand out flyers or wash dishes at some restaurant until he made some cash. But then again having to stay meant spending money on food and shelter, he'd have to find a manga cafe for sure. Shinsou kicked a rock as he made his way around the city, more people began to flood the streets as the day started which meant businesses would be opening up soon.

"Excuse me, do you know anywhere that's hiring temporary positions," Shinsou asked a man who was opening up his shop. Upon further inspection Shinsou realised it was a pawn shop. The was a corner building with huge metal shutters on the front didn't look like much from the outside, solid colours and a flickering neon sign. The man grunted as he pushed up the shutters with a clang and turn

around full blocking the sun with his body. He was only a bit taller than him and he was also pretty muscular, probably needed for his job. His hair was a piercing white and reached the middle of his back.

“You’re not from around here, your accent’s a bit different. You’re from around Tokyo aren’t ya?” Shinsou nodded, he expected the man’s voice to be deep but not the kind of deep that reminded him of the imaginary monsters from his closet from when he was seven.

“Uh, yeah, I’m just passing through and need to work a few days,” Shinsou shifted his bag as he looked anywhere but the man’s almost glowing eyes.

“Well my old stock boy quit and I’m a bit backlogged so how ‘bout you stay a few days and help me out, I’ll pay ya 2,000 a day and even let ya stay in the upstairs room for free. But you gotta work at least a week, deal kid?” Shinsou frowned, a week was a long time to stay but 2,000 a day was probably more than he was going to get anywhere else plus he got a free room out of it.

“Sure, I’m Shinsou by the way, Shinsou-” Shinsou cursed himself for using his real last name, “Shinsou Matsuo,” he finished. The older man quirked an eyebrow and shrugged, opening the door to the shop and walking in. Shinsou followed and looked around incredulously. The place seemed much bigger on the inside as it was full of trinkets, furniture and even autographs from a few heros.

“Don’t strain your eyes looking at shit, come here and get an apron,” the older man called out from the back room he walked into. Shinsou walked over, careful to not bump into anything and entered the back. More odds and ends were there including some type of device that was covered with a sheet.

“What’s this?”, Shinsou got closer to the contraption, it looked like a table but had a blanket over it that hid whatever made the jutting shapes. Shinsou’s nose crinkled at the weird smell that also came from it.

“How old are you kid?”

“15.”

“You don’t need to know what it is then, leave it alone,” The man groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose, “Why are you 15 and looking for a job? Did ya not get into high school or something and your parents kicked ya out?”

Shinsou shrugged, he hadn't really come up with a background story yet, and he didn't think this guy would be the type to ask questions anyway.

"It's summer I just wanted to get out of the house and explore the world a little, it's nothing special," Shinsou suppressed a shiver, the man's gaze reminded him of Aizawa's, those luminescent yellow eyes didn't help at all.

"Whatever you say kid, put this one," he shoved the apron into Shinsou's hand, "and use that catalog to start marking prices on stuff. If you need anything just yell."

"Um what's your name, sir," Shinsou asked as the man started to leave.

"Call me Ryuu," with that the man left.

Shinsou put his bag down and contemplated texted Bakugou, maybe he should tell him he'll be back in a week, but then again nothing good would come from that. For now he'd take a small vacation, if it could be called that, and work.

"Aizawa-sensei we can't just leave. What if he comes back and no one's here!" Bakugou sighed as he loaded his bag on to the bus. In the midst of looking for Shinsou, Aizawa sprung the training camp on them. It'd been only a few days but Aizawa said it was imperative that they went, Shinsou being home or not.

"Mic is still going to be around in case Shinsou comes back, besides you all need to train your quirks. Whether Shinsou is missing or not, you have to go to the camp," Aizawa walked away after finishing his statement. Bakugou frowned, it wasn't very noticeable but Aizawa and Mic changed a lot since the night Shinsou disappeared. Aizawa looked more tired, if that was possible, and Mic tried to act more energetic, which most people just passed it off as normal behaviour but his smiles didn't reach his eyes. Bakugou may not be the best with feelings, especially his own, but he knew they weren't okay.

"What's got Midoriya down all of a sudden? He seems a lot less himself," Kirishima cocked his head to the side as he watched a dejected Midoriya put his own bag onto the bus. Midoriya changed as well, though his wasn't hidden. His hair was frazzled, eyes bloodshot and he seemed to stop smiling altogether. He wanted to go look for Shinsou every night but Aizawa put him under house arrest after he ended up passing out from sleep deprivation.

“Dunno, the idiot is always having problems,” Bakugou shrugged and got on the bus. Bakugou should have changed too, but he had hope. Shinsou spoke to him on the phone and told him he was okay, which was enough to sustain him for a little while. But he could feel his own mask slipping, Shinsou hadn’t contacted him in a few days. His constant mantra of, “He is fine” was starting to weaken.

“Kacchan, can I sit here?” on a normal day Bakugou would have told the green haired boy with a bunny’s disposition to fuck right off, but this wasn’t a normal day so he turned his head away and let out a small huff, “Did you hear anything else from Shinsou?”

“If I did I would tell you, he said he’s fine so stop worrying and get some sleep. You’re starting to look like Aizawa,” Bakugou grumbled sitting back. He would admit he was being a little hypocritical but there was nothing he could do, Shinsou didn’t answer his text and all his calls went straight to voicemail so all he could do was pretend that he was still alright.

“Look Deku, just act like yourself. Everyone is gonna know something is wrong if you keep acting like the world is falling apart,” Bakugou whispered.

“How can you say that, he’s our friend. We can’t just pretend everything is okay,” Midoriya scrunched up his face, his eyes burning holes into the seat in front of him.

“He said he was fine-”

“He said he was fine days ago. We don’t even know where he is or who he’s with. For all you know he could have lied and-”

“Hitoshi wouldn’t lie to me, he’s fine. He just has something to work out then he’ll be back. I’m sure of it. Go the fuck to sleep,” Bakugou ended the argument by closing his own eyes and feigning sleep but his mind was going a mile a minute. There was always the possibility that Shinsou was in trouble, he obviously travelled away from Musutafu but also Tokyo.

Bakugou sighed and mentally cursed Midoriya for filling his head with negative thoughts, all he could do was hope that Shinsou would be back by the time camp was over.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Did ya miss me lol? Thanks for being patient with me and waiting a week, I hope you enjoyed this chapter and if you have any request for a oneshot tell me, after May 29th I'm going to have a lot of free time so more fics!

Kidnapped Kiddos

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sun had been set for hours when Shinsou put down the catalog tablet. The store had been closed for some time but he had nowhere to go so he spent his time working much more than he needed to. Hanging his apron, which signaled the end of his work day, Shinsou was ready to start his night time ritual of making a crappy dinner, eating it while watching tv and contemplating turning his phone back on. As he settled into working for Ryuu, Shinsou's clarity began to cloud once more. Ryuu was perfect. He never asked about his past, he didn't even ask if he had a quirk. Ryuu never yelled at him or threatened to send him away when he made mistakes. Shinsou had a stable job that came with a free room, and even if the pay was pretty low he could probably make more if he stayed longer. Shit, he could even inherit the place considering Ryuu didn't have any kids, or much of a family for that matter.

"Shinsou, we're meeting my friend for dinner. Go look less like a human dust rag," Shinsou rolled his eyes with a small smile on his face. After his initial coldness Ryuu was a pretty laid back man, he liked to tease him and was more like a that one really chill neighbour that would tell you all the things your parents wouldn't instead of a boss.

"Where are we going?" Shinsou yelled from the room upstairs. It wasn't a spacious place, but it had everything he needed, a kitchenette, a bathroom and a room for him to sit and sleep in. It had a medium sized TV with cable, another thing he didn't have to pay for, and wifi if he chose to use it. One downside were the paper thin walls, hearing the owners of the shop next door drinking and playing poker until 3 am wasn't exactly his favourite activity.

"We're gettin' Ramen, now hurry up," he heard Ryuu grumble something after that but it was too low for him to comprehend. Shinsou sighed as he put on his last clean shirt, he either needed to do laundry or buy new shirts. The same could be said for his other articles of clothing. Running out of clothes meant he'd been away for at least 5 days, his week was almost up. Deciding it was better to think about it later, Shinsou dressed and walked down the steps to see a slightly annoyed Ryuu.

“Why does it take that much time to dress up if you’re still gonna look like shit after, huh?” Ryuu chuckled walking out of the store with Shinsou following after him. The night life of Nagoya was just starting and the heavy thumping music of the various clubs could be heard up and down the strip. The streets were crowded and Shinsou tensed as he felt Ryuu’s large hand on his shoulder. Soon enough Shinsou started to feel it, the weird hollow feeling that came with being intangible.

“You could give me a heads up before you do that ya know,” Shinsou braced on reflex someone bumped into him, only to phase through their arm. Though slightly annoyed, Shinsou couldn’t help but be in awe of Ryuu’s quirk. In a crowded strip it became extremely useful as the half drunk adults staggered around crashing against everything in sight like a pack of disoriented bumper cars.

“It’s much funnier if I don’t,” Shinsou gave Ryuu a side eye at his remark. The first time Ryuu had used his quirk around him he had nearly sent him into shock. It’s not everyday you wake up to see the separated head of your boss watching you through the wall.

Finally making it to the restaurant, Shinsou’s nose immediately reacted to the heavy amounts of cigarette smoke. The establishment was a bit seedy, probably not somewhere to bring the whole family but it fit the downtown theme of the strip pretty well. Letting out a cough Shinsou followed Ryuu into the back of the place until they came up to a lone man in the back table. There was nothing wrong with the table itself, it was a bit secluded but Shinsou didn’t mind, his eyes were already trained on the refreshing looking drinks already laid out for them. Shinsou finally took in the man at the table and froze.

Shinsou knew judging based on appearance was a bit rude, but something about the greasy grey haired man with one missing tooth and a bunny eared cell phone case made him uneasy. He looked like every stereotypical back alley criminal on Tv. Not to mention that the man’s beady red eyes, that followed his every move, only added to the feeling.

“Who might this be? Hm, Ryuuichi,” Shinsou resisted the urge to hide behind his bosses larger form.

“My new stock boy, Shinsou Matsuo,” Ryuu turned and looked at him expectantly. Offering an awkward smile and a muttered hello, Shinsou took a seat and looked down at the menu, the red eyes never leaving his form.

“You look very, very familiar kid, is it possible we met before?”

“No, I don’t think we have, I’m not from here,” Shinsou answered a little too quickly. His heart sank to his stomach when the grin on the man’s face widened.

“Neither am I. You’re from around Musutafu aren’t you?” Shinsou nodded picking up and covering his face with the menu causing Ryuu to look at him suspiciously. The room felt ice cold despite the summer heat and the weight of the two sets of eyes on him began to get unbearable.

“I’m gonna go take a leak,” Ryuu announced, getting up to leave Shinsou alone with Giran. Shinsou wondered if it would be weird to follow after his boss, then least he’d be away from the creepy man for a few moments. Putting the menu down, he noticed the beady red eyes still trained on him. Shinsou picked up his drink, some kind of orange soda, and took a large swig as to give his body something to do.

“So Shinsou Hitoshi, how long are you going to live this lie?” Shinsou coughed, choking on his drink.

“I-I don’t understand, my first name is Matsuo not Hitoshi,” Shinsou picked the menu back up and held it like a shield. The last thing he wanted to see was the crooked smile on the face of the man across from him.

“The Sports Festival is broadcasted every year, you were the only non-hero student in the final round. Pretty impressive and *very* memorable, hhmm,” Shinsou’s leg was going haywire, bouncing around as his grip tightened on the menu. If this man knew him from the sports festival, then he knew his quirk, “So what do you want to order? The beef ramen is very good here.” Giran adjusted his glasses and looked at his own menu.

The collar of Shinsou’s shirt was practically soaked in sweat as he nodded along and actually tried to focus on the menu. The pictures and kana mixed together in a blur as his heartbeat quickened. Shinsou held down a choking gasp as he slowly felt himself lose the ability to control is breathing. His fingers tingle and his chest began to constrict. The screech of a chair on the floor brought him out of his short lived episode as he jumped in is chair when Ryuu returned, a large gasp of air accompanying it.

“The hell’s wrong with you, you look like you’ve seen a ghost?” Ryuu

grinned at his joke, patting Shinsou on the back. He didn't notice that Shinsou didn't laugh with him.

"I'm just tired," Shinsou sighed trying to calm his erratic heart rate, but no amount of deep breathes seemed to subdue it, nor did his sweating cease. If he made it through this dinner he decided that whatever the consequence was, he would call Aizawa, no Mic, and go home. Food arrived at the table and Shinsou sat up.

"I didn't order," Shinsou snapped his mouth shut at the face Ryuu gave him, the man looked equal parts confused and concerned.

"Shinsou, we ordered before I went to the bathroom, you ordered first. Are you sure you're okay?" Shinsou shrugged and made another excuse about being tired and becoming old like Ryuu. He refused to look at Giran. The ramen was hot, Shinsou knew so because he managed to drop noodles on himself. It was as if his hand lost connection with his brain and stopped working causing him to drop his chopsticks in a fine display of short circuiting motor skills. Shinsou frowned as he excused himself to the bathroom, even as he walked there, his movements were noticeably more sluggish. Looking in the mirror Shinsou noticed sweat stains all around his shirt. It wasn't even that hot.

As his legs began to shake Shinsou's eyes widened at the realisation. He had been drugged. Clambering to a stall like a newborn fawn, Shinsou attempted to lock the door a few times before getting it and falling to the ground. Not even able to register the amount of germs on him, the runaway backed into the corner of the stall and tried to take a few deep breaths as his vision began to blur. Before he completely lost consciousness, he saw the unmistakable sight of Ryuu's face looking at him through the stall door. His expression unreadable.

Bakugou was in a word, infuriated. Not only had he witnessed some of his classmates and the 1-B kids almost die, he was now strapped to a chair in the presence of Handjob McGee. The villains were all around him, talking nonsense about how society was unfair to them and heros were bullshit. The words didn't mean much, instead passing through his one ear and out the other like the lectures his mom gave him when he yelled unnecessarily.

"You see Bakugou, we only want you to see society as we do, to join

us in our crusade against the modern hero," Bakugou held his tongue for once in his life. Shigaraki's words certainly hit a nerve, they wished to free society from selfish heros by attacking a bunch of teenagers with a group of convicted felons. The creepy straightjacket freak kept talking about flesh for crying out loud.

"They treat you like a child Bakugou, put training wheels on you because they don't trust you, you see that don't you," Shigaraki leaned in close. Bakugou would have backed away if he could, he wasn't sure if eczema was contagious or not, "Here you can do anything you want, use you quirk as you see fit." Bakugou's eyes drifted to the screen, the U.A press conference was over and the news had shifted to nightly local coverage. Though the tv was now muted, his attention was captured by it when Shinsou's picture appeared on the screen. It had been so long since he'd heard from the purple bastard so Mic and Aizawa reported him missing. Almost a week with no call, no text and no sign of return, it was like Shinsou really gave up on coming back at all.

"Shigaraki you owe me 10,000 yen, looks like I was right about our little pyromaniac. He really does have something for the brainwasher," Bakugou jerked his head to the side to face the scarred young man. A cheshire grin accented by piercing blue eyes met him as a cold feeling gripped his heart.

"What the fuck does Shinsou have to do with this?" A part of Bakugou's mind told him to control his emotions, Shinsou was far away, in some other city. They didn't have him, they couldn't touch him. But his voice still came out strained, like he was trying to force custard through a sock.

"Hitoshi," Bakugou cringed at the familiarity Dabi took with his friend, " was my pick for this, he seems much more suited for us than you but the manchild likes big and flashy. He'll probably be much easier to turn as well. He's already being bullied for his quirk, right? Not to mention his parents gave him up because of it," Bakugou's eyes widened as what little composer he had left slipped. If they knew that Shinsou was being bullied, a secret he was able to keep from the all seeing Aizawa, and the knew about his birth parents then that could mean-

"Where the fuck is he?!" Bakugou roared, trying to rip himself out of the constraints. His hands itched to set of an explosion or better yet wrap themselves around the stitched fuckers neck and squeeze until the blue eyes turned dull.

“He’s on his way to a safe house in a different part of the city, we won’t hurt him. And *if* you come with us you can see him, but if you betray us then Shinsou might disappear for good,” Shigaraki smiled behind the hand on his face at Bakugou’s terrorised expression.

“We aren’t going to kill him Shigaraki Tomura, he was a pain to track down and even harder to get. Do you know how much money it costed us to get Giran to follow him to Nagoya. We are not wasting funds and a valuable asset because you want to be intimidating.” Bakugou would have found the interaction between the foggish man and the unmoisturized manchild hilarious if they weren’t discussing the fate of his friend, “Either way, the choice is your Bakugou Katsuki, join us and be reunited with Shinsou Hitoshi or resist and see the consequences.”

“Maybe he requires extra assistance,” Bakugou watched curiously as Shigaraki called out to a man he called his sensei, asking for power.

“Untie me and take me to Shinsou you fucking bastard, I’ll join your stupid fucking group,” even behind the mask Bakugou knew the crusty blue-haired man was grinning like a rich kid on Christmas. As his restraints were being undone, there was a knock at the door.

“Hello, Kamino Pizza Delivery!”

“Who the fuck ordered-”

The wall exploded as All Might smashed his way through with Kamui Woods and others following. The villains were quickly apprehended by the wooden tendrils and Bakugou couldn’t help but stare in disbelief.

“That must’ve been scary, good job holding out Bakugou,” All Might’s deep baritone rang out with a triumphant smile. If it had been a different time, Bakugou would have yelled at the aging hero for his comment and relief would have washed over him. But none of that happened, Shinsou was out there, somewhere the heroes couldn’t possibly know about.

Before Bakugou could respond the short old man started to question Shigaraki about his sensei but Shigaraki was silent until something in him snapped. The villain began to rant, telling them to go to hell, that it couldn’t possibly be game over. With one last outburst, an inky black substance appeared which brought out two nomu, then three, then four as they kept appearing. Blindsided, the substance began to overtake Bakugou, reminding him grimly of the sludge monster that

had attacked him all those months ago. He heard the muffled yells of the heroes as they communicated with each other before he was fully engulfed and the next moment he was before a large figure, shrouded in black.

Chapter End Notes

> Sorry for no chapter last week, it's exam season but I'm back now so regular updates will return. I hope you all enjoyed the chapter as as always thank you for reading. If you have any ideas for future oneshots you want to see, comment them!

Rescue attempts and Reunited Friends

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Welcome, Bakugou. Nice of you to join us,” the man had some sort skull mask on his head, his voice deep and rumbling. Bakugou had barely had time to survey his surroundings when the other villains appeared, coming from the same black gunky liquid he did just moments before. Whoever this man was, Bakugou could tell it was Scratch ‘n’ Sneer Shigaraki’s beloved sensei. Bakugou didn’t necessarily listen to all the words said by this sensei but did pick up that he called the assumed leader by his first name.

“Look I don’t care for all this shit, where the fuck is Shinsou?” Bakugou growled when the masked fiend answered him with a deep chuckle.

“He is not here, but you will be with him soon enough,” something about the atmosphere around the man made Bakugou not respond. He knew the man before him was dangerous, but now he started to feel an unsettling worry in his stomach, like something terrible was about to happen.

“I knew you’d come,” All Might came down with a punch and Bakugou’s eyes went wide as the ground around them erupted throwing him back. Propping himself up, Bakugou realized the gravity of the situation, this was the big boss.

“All For One,” Bakugou’s ears picked up on All Might’s words, All For One was the man who they were dealing with. A man equal to All Might. Bakugou swallowed hard. As All Might rushed towards his nemesis the man’s arm contorted and spun violently like a piston on a race car, forcing All Might back and causing a few of the villains to be pushed back as well. Before Bakugou could remember the side he was supposed to be on he cried out for All Might, his childhood hero had just been pushed aside like he was a nothing.

“Don’t worry, he won’t die from a lovetap like that,” All For One said, “Escape from this place Tomura, take the boy with you,” Bakugou hid his sneer which was soon replaced with genuine astonishment as the warp gate quirk was activated. Forced quirk activation and air piston like punches, was it possible this man, this monster, had more than

one quirk?

Bakugou soon realized that all the villains were staring at him warily, like they expected him to run at any moment. He took a step but hesitated, if he could hold them off until All Might was finished, then they could rescue Shinsou together. But if All Might lost and Bakugou betrayed them…

“Are you having second thoughts, Bakugou?” Mr.Compress questioned, getting into an offensive position. The fight would be six on one, they were all running on adrenaline it seemed. If he held out then-

All Might’s body came thrashing down as another one of All For One’s attacks whipped him around like an F5 twister. Bakugou’s head spun with calculations, All Might’s easy victory seemed less and less feasible. So what if they won? Shinsou was somewhere he didn’t know with people that could hurt him. Even if they captured all the villains, would they speak? Would the ones with Shinsou know they were captured? If they did, would Shinsou live after that? Would he get there in time?

Bakugou’s stomach lurched with the idea of Shinsou dying, bleeding out or worse in some abandoned warehouse, dying without having seen his friends or family in a week. Another crash was heard but this time, it wasn’t All Might. Bakugou saw them, Iida, Deku and Kirishima flying through the air above, Kirishima’s hand outstretched, begging him to take it. Bakugou smirked at Kirishima calling out to him and readied himself for take off. A swollen black eye flashed before his eyes. Spiky purple hair danced through his memories. And the warmth of Shinsou’s hands encompassed his heart. If he left now, all of that could be gone. Bakugou grimaced as he prepared his blast.

You’re not my friend, you’re my responsibility.

I promise we can hang out after exams.

You called Shinsou by his first name!

Bakugou moved his arm from it’s position on the ground to the sky and let of an explosion in his friend’s direction, making sure to deliberately miss his mark. He could hear the faint gasp of his friends and the villains. But the sound that wrecked his soul was a small Bakugou from All Might.

Bakugou turned around to face the villains and motioned towards the

warp. In a few moments he would see Shinsou again.

Shinsou had awoken to complete darkness and utter silence. It was like someone had turned off the sun and put the world on mute. Upon regaining his wits, he realised he he was not only restrained but had on a blindfold, earmuffs and a gag. He was not in a chair, but on a concrete floor. The cold seeping into his legs as he struggled to assess his situation. The air was stale, no rushing air could be felt so he was in a closed up building, warehouse most likely.

Despite his best observations, Shinsou only knew he was in a cold, older building with a concrete floor. He didn't know if he was alone, or if he was in a room full of people. He didn't even know the time at this point, he was devoid of almost all his sense. His stomach ached, punishing him for not eating dinner last night. Or two nights ago? Shinsou couldn't tell.

Suddenly there was a massive vibration and a flash of heat coming from his left, Shinsou tried his best to squirm away from the source. If one of the villains was raging, he wouldn't want to be in the crosshairs. Suddenly, two hands clamped on his shoulders, forcing his body to stop. The blindfold was ripped off and Shinsou quickly closed his eyes as the light assaulted his eyes. Next his ears became uncovered and Shinsou's heart nearly stopped.

"You're okay," that voice, Shinsou trembled as two arms wrapped around him, pulling him into a hug, after pulling down his gag "You're okay now. I'm here, I'm right here," cracking open his eyes, Shinsou saw unmistakeable ash blonde hair as his face broke into a watery smile. He buried his face in his saviours neck not caring that he smelled heavily of nitroglycerin and anxiety.

"Why- How did you get here?" Shinsou pulled away only to notice the villains coming from a warp gate. Turing to his side he saw the men who kidnapped him both trying to put out a fire that Bakugou most likely caused when he fired at them, "Bakugou what did you do?" Shinsou whispered.

"I came here to save you," Bakugou whispered back, still not letting go of the restrained teen.

"Sorry to interupt your reunion, but he needs to have his gag on until we can trust him. The last thing we need is for someone here to get

brainwashed," Shinsou froze. That voice, it was the same one from the mall. Looking up from his position on the ground, Shinsou's heart was gripped by fear when he made eye contact with the burned up rag doll of a man. This is what the man meant when he said they would meet again.

"Who are-" Shinsou felt the gag forced back into his mouth and looked incredulously at Bakugou. His curses muffled by not only the cloth but by the hand that joined it. Bakugou gave him no look or explanation, instead turning away and towards Shigaraki.

"What now fuckmunch?"

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The pair were lead to a small windowless room by Dabi, who took great pleasure in watching Bakugou carry a struggling, pissed off Shinsou. There was a large futon spread on the floor but nothing else that made the room homely. Shinsou was fuming as he was put down. Not only did Bakugou apparently willingly come here, he gagged him and wouldn't even untie him until they were alone.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? Did you really have to gag me? Do you know how fucking embarrassing that is?" Shinsou hissed as soon as the door to the room slammed shut, "How far away are the others?" Bakugou tensed at the question as he started to untie him, "You gotta be shitting me Bakugou? At least tell me backup is coming soon." Shinsou's frown deepened when silence continued to engulf them, "Someone knows you came for me, right?"

"I didn't think that far ahead, I-"

"You came here alone! Do you know how stupid that was, what if they killed you? This was the one time you shouldn't have been too fucking arrogant to get help, now we're fucked!" Shinsou ran his hands through his flattening hair.

"My ego had nothing to do with this! I came here for you, you fucking asshat! You can at least pretend to be fucking grateful!" Bakugou yelled back as he stood from his spot of the floor.

"We're stuck here now cause you didn't think ahead with your plan! Now everyone thinks you betrayed them! They think you're a fucking villain Bakugou!" Shinsou stood, inching closer to Bakugou with his voice increasing in volume.

“Well none of this would have happened if your dumbass didn’t run away like some fucking cartoon character! You wouldn’t answer my calls, my text, nothing! For a week Shinsou! I thought something happened to you.” Bakugou’s voice was raw and cracking, the exhaustion catching up with him.

“I didn’t answer anyone Bakugou, not even Midori-”

“FUCK FUCKING DEKU! Deku isn’t me, to hell with his fucking text,” Bakugou grabbed Shinsou by his shirt and pulled him closer, “You didn’t answer ME. I called you every fucking day and you never picked up. Do you know how fucking worried I was about you? Do you even fucking care or are you only thinking about yourself you big fucking idiot,” with that Bakugou pushed Shinsou away, causing him to hit the wall behind him, and stalked to the futon.

Shinsou opened his mouth to speak but didn’t know what to say. How would he explain to Bakugou that he’d been bounced around for a good nine years and the one home that wanted him changed their minds.

“Bakugou I-”

“Save it, I’m too tired to deal with you right now. Just go to bed or something.”

Shinsou slid down the wall, he messed up. The only person in the entire world that came to look for him was right there, and he ruined it.

I hope you’re happy brat. Look at the mess you made of your mother. Next time I see you, your face will probably be plastered on wanted posters all over the news. You’ve ruined our family.

Shinsou cracked a sad smile as the salty tears warmed his cheeks. His father was right. Shinsou never believed in predestination or destiny but maybe there really was something to it. Maybe he was destined to make everything worse. Maybe he was destined to be a villain. That’s why they left him, why they didn’t want him.

“Bakugou,” Shinosu whispered, “Please don’t leave me too.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading I hope you all liked it! Once again I'm going to have more free time coming soon so if you have any fic

request leave them in the comments.

Anger and Apologies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hizashi sighed as he looked into the room again, everything was still the same as it had been the day Shinsou moved in. The blanket was untouched, books still spread across his desk, even his posters were in the same box waiting to be put up. If Hizashi pretended hard enough he could act like Shinsou was coming home the next day, ready to finish decorating. The yellow lump on the floor shifted slightly, reminding Hizashi of the one change to Shinsou's room, Aizawa. The room now served as a hiding place for the homeroom teacher, with the man in question laying the floor as he had been for the past few days.

It had been three days since Bakugou left with the League and Aizawa refused to get out of his sleeping bag or move from Shinsou's room without Hizashi threatening to blast his eardrums. He wouldn't even talk unless prompted to numerous times and Hizashi was at the end of his rope. The shaggy man had barely acknowledged Hizashi's presence as he sat next to him on the floor, only glancing up when Hizashi removed the hood of his sleeping bag and ran a hand through his hair.

"Shouta, you couldn't have seen it coming. I know you believed in Bakugou but sometimes we get things wrong. I know you couldn't save him from himself but, it was his decision to go. All Might even watched him do it," Hizashi drew his legs up, resting his arms on his knees. The blonde man looked at the blank expression on his husband's face and looked up trying to keep the tears in his eyes. He had to admit, everything was a mess. Shouta was an emotionless wreck, choosing to hide out in their home instead of facing the world, Bakugou turned on them and Hitoshi, his son, ran away from home over a week ago. He tried to be the anchor in this situation, if not for Class 1-A then for at least Aizawa, but he could feel his resolve slipping as grief and fear gripped his heart.

Speaking of the class they tried to get in contact with them, Midoriya had called Aizawa's phone until it died and Hizashi, as sad as it may be, was too much of a coward to face the students just yet. How would he explain why Bakuhou betrayed them when he himself didn't even understand? He knew Midoriya would take it twice as hard, losing

both Shinsou and Bakugou in the span of a week and seeing the usually preppy boy in emotional anguish, Hizashi was unprepared.

Hizashi looked down, a tear threatening to escape from his eye. Aizawa was looking up at him now but his eyes were unfocused, like he was staring passed him instead of at him. His stubble had grown back from his shaved press conference face, taking his rugged, unshaven look to a new level that even Hizashi had to admit was a bit much.Could he even allow the kids to see Aizawa in his current state? Hizashi cringed at the prospect.

“I vouched for his character and he betrayed us. How am I supposed to face the students and tell them that Bakugou became the villain everyone thought he would? We lost All Might as well Hizashi, how do I even begin to counsel the students about the Symbol of Peace having to retire? Not to mention a mess the media will be,” Aizawa’s voice was rough from lack of use, “Hitoshi is still gone, we don’t even know where our own son is Hizashi. Forget heros Hizashi, what kind of parents are we?” Hizashi didn’t bother to wipe away his tear as it fell.

“Damn it Shouta, we can’t just hide in here! We are heros damn it and that means going out there and doing what’s hard. You were wrong, so what! It happens, I know that you didn’t think Bakugou would do this, no one did. He wanted to be a hero but he changed, it happens. He’s not the first student to turn and he won’t be the last. We need to focus on what’s in front of us and not what we can’t change,” Hizashi said, stamping out the waver in his voice. Taking in Aizawa’s face, he looked into his husband’s eyes for the first time in days.

“But what about Hitoshi?” the question came out as a whisper, bit hit him like a truck. Hizashi reluctantly looked away, the broken voice only served to rub more salt in his wounds.

“Hitoshi will come back, he’s a smart boy. He’s just going through a lot, we missed his birthday and it’s almost the anniversary of *that* day. Maybe he just needed some time alone,” Hizashi said more to himself than Aizawa. Maybe if he could convince himself that the keys and picture being left were not as permanent as they seemed he could actually believe his son would come home.

“And if he doesn’t?” Hizashi tensed, “What if he doesn’t come back Hizashi? For all we know he’s,” Aizawa stopped his questions when he felt Hizashi’s body tremble with a sob. Only then did he realise how truly broken the once energetic man was.

“Hizashi-”

“You shouldn’t have yelled at him!” Aizawa unzipped his sleeping bag and sat up at the outburst, “He ran away because you yelled at him! On his fucking birthday of all days” Hizashi stood up shakily, wavering for a moment before he steadied himself on the wall, “All he wanted to do was impress you with how well he was doing, he was the top of the class Shouta. Top. Of. His. Class. So what if he let his anger get the better of him one time! You didn’t have to say those things to him! Things his real father would have said! And now he’s gone, he left because of you,” the tears fell freely in big salty drops. Aizawa flinched back at the accusation.

“Hizashi, you’re under a lot of stress and you’re overreact-”

“MY SON IS MISSING!” Aizawa frowned sharply when he realised he wasn’t included, “And you think I’m overreacting? I can’t believe you!” Hizashi stormed towards the stairs, “Go talk to your class Shouta.”

Midoriya looked stared at the phone in front of him, willing a call to appear. At that moment he only had one thing on his mind, talk to Aizawa. He looked up to see which of his friends were still awake. Yaoyorozu had since fallen asleep and Kirishima was a close second, both of them had been exhausted, letting their emotions out, using pillows to hide the magnitude of their sobbing.

Iida had been silent for a long time, Midoriya wasn’t sure if it was from fear, anger, grief, or a combination of all three. The usually boisterous teen was so unlike himself, his behaviour reminded him of when Iida’s brother got hurt by Stain. Todoroki looked the same, but his eyes were glued to the floor, refusing to even give a glance at anyone else in the room. He refused to answer his dad’s calls, most of them probably demanding he come home and appear in front of the news with Endeavor as his dad took up the mantle of number one hero.

“Iida, do you think they’re okay,” Midoriya asked searching for comfort in his friend’s eyes, it wasn’t the first time he’d asked this question.

Iida looked up and mustered a small smile, “Bakugou would not let anything happen to them. If the League went through all this trouble to get them both, they would not hurt them. It would be counterproductive.” Midoriya smiled back, Kacchan and Shinsou were

smart and reliable. They would bide their time, waiting for the right moment to leave. Midoriya picked up his phone and called Aizawa's number, perking up when the phone began to ring instead of going straight to voicemail.

"Hello, Midoriya," Aizawa sounded tired, like he hadn't had a wink of sleep since Shinsou left, "I will hold a meeting with the class in a few days but since you have been call-"

"Bakugou didn't betray us Aizawa-sensei! We were there," Midoriya cut the man off, his shout startling Todoroki and waking up the two sleeping teens, "The League has Shinsou! That's why he left with them. We all heard it when we went to rescue him." The line was silent and Midoriya checked the screen to see if his teacher had hung up on him, not even breathing could be heard on the line.

"A-are you positive?" Aizawa's voice was different, it was almost like the man was begging him for good news, desperation clear in his voice.

"Yes, sir."

Bakugou looked up from his plate and frowned, they'd been either stuck in the room or watched like three year olds trying to electrocute themselves the whole time they'd been here. All meals brought to them, bathroom breaks supervised and worst of all anytime they weren't alone, Shinsou had to be gagged. The villains took high precautions with Shinsou, he was a dangerous asset, but at the moment more dangerous to them than the public.

Speaking of Shinsou, the teen in question was sitting where he always did since the first day. Even at night when the old building lost heat and the cold seeped through the floors, Shinsou wouldn't move to the futon or to any other part of the room.

"Shinsou," Bakugou called out, Shinsou hadn't even touched his dinner, feigning sleep instead, "Shinsou you have to eat," Bakugou put his plate down and started to move towards his friend. He stopped when he saw Shinsou tense at his movement.

"You don't have to act like you care, I'll eat when I'm hungry. Promise," Shinsou's voice was void of emotion and Bakugou hated it. Ever since their fight Shinsou had become a husk, a shell of his former self. He resulted to one word sentences and didn't even flinch when the gag was on him, accepting his fate.

“I’m not pretending to care about you dumbass,” Bakugou sat next to Shinsou picking up his plate, “If I was I wouldn’t have came for you,” Bakugou looked at Shinsou who had his head down in his knees. He tickled the nape of the purple headed boy’s neck causing him to jump and lightly smack his hand away.

“You know I’m ticklish there,” Shinsou pouted, his cheeks tinged red.

“Eat and don’t say anything, I need to get something off my chest and I can’t do it if you talk,” Bakugou handed Shinsou the plate, ignoring the quizzical look given to him. When he heard the sounds of eating, Bakugou took a deep breath and continued, “I acted on emotion more than logic because I was scared. I didn’t really care about what they would do to me but when that burned up fucker said they had you already, I didn’t know what to do. I was afraid they would kill you or that I’d never see you again. So I came here with the villains to save you,” Bakugou didn’t want to know what kind of expression the other teen was making so he looked down. His hand reached out, seeking the comforting warmth of Shinsou’s and latched onto it. Bakugou brushed his thumb on the back on Shinsou’s slightly smaller hand, noticing it was rougher than before.

“I shouldn’t have yelled at you. Damn I’m a piece of shit Bakugou. You came for me and I yelled at you,” Shinsou’s hand startled to tremble, daring to pull away.

Bakugou tightened his grip momentarily to make Shinsou’s hand stay, “You aren’t. You reacted to a bad situation. We’re both kinda stupid.”

“Why,” Shinsou took in a shuddered breath, “Why do you care so much,” Shinsou whispered, the plate disgareded on the floor, his fingers lacing with Bakugou’s. He leaned in, putting his face in the crook of his friend’s neck. Taking in the slight nitroglycerin smell that was attached to Bakugou and bathing his senses in familiarity for a moment, Shinsou pulled away, resting his head neatly on Bakugou’s shoulder.

“Because I-, Bakugou paused, squeezing the hand in his grip, “Because you’re my friend.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, I hope you enjoyed the chapter! I'm still taking oneshot request so leave any ideas below!

Escape

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As night fell Bakugou and Shinsou started to put their plan into action. Kurogiri kept them in a routine; wake up, bathroom, breakfast, room, lunch, bathroom, room, dinner, shower, bed. It was monotonous but for their sake, it wouldn't change anytime soon. Apparently they still regarded Shinsou as that dangerous enough to keep him away from some of the other villains. From what they could piece together, their bedroom was at one end of the hall the bathroom at the other and an open area in between.

"So what's the plan?" Bakugou whispered as the door was closed for the night.

"He'll come check on us in two hours then we'll be free for the night. Last night I checked the door and it the lock takes a few jiggles to shake open. Then we have to find our way out and we'll go from there. And Bakugou," Shinsou looked up, purple meeting red, "If worse comes to worst, go on without me. Make it back to everyone else."

"Are you fucking crazy, I'm never, ever going to leave you," Bakugou's hand went to Shinsou's cheek, rubbing a small circle on his cheek before pulling away.

"Bakugou-"

"No, we escape together or not at all, I'm not leaving you with these fucks. End of discussion," Bakugou laid down on the futon and shut his eyes. Though he was touched, Shinsou sighed and laid down next to his friend and started the waiting game. Soon enough they heard the door open and close after a few moments, the click of the old lock telling them it was time for action.

Shinsou squeezed Bakugou's hand and got two squeezes back, the signal that it was time to go. Popping out of the futon, the pair quickly stuffed the miscellaneous bits of trash, spare parts and whatever else they collected under the sheets, creating two lumps that in really low light could be people. Going over to the door Shinsou turned the knob and jiggled it slowly, twisting it every few times until a click was

heard.

“We’ll peak at the main area first, if it’s not empty then we need to find another way to leave,” Shinsou whispered keeping his voice low. The pair exited the room slowly, being careful to shut the old door with minimal noise. The constant drip of a leaky pipe offered background music for their endeavor, every small noise was amplified by fear.

The soft blue glow from the room told them they were not alone but when they peaked they only noticed the man in the full body suit, Twice if Shinsou recalled correctly. He was sitting up watching the tv intently, head unmoving. The sound of explosions and yelling clued shinsou in that he was watching an action movie.

“Bakugou,” Shinsou whispered, “Don’t freak out.”

“What would I freak out ab-”

“Hey dipshit,” Shinsou said loud enough to get Twice’s attention, he looked around not seeing the two of them tucked behind the corner.

“Hey, who said tha-” Twice stopped mid sentence as Shinsou took control, his body going rigid.

“Where is everyone else?” Shinsou walked into the room, Bakugou behind him looking back to make sure they were alone.

“Shigaraki and Kurogiri went out to meet someone, Dabi went out too but with Spinner. Toga is sleeping and so is Mr.Compress and Magne,” Bakugou shuddered slightly at the almost robotic tone which Twice answered them with, “Get us out of here without alerting the others and then come back, forget this ever happened ,and watch tv just like you were doing before.” Twice got up and started walking to the opening on the other side of the room, Shinsou flashed Bakugou a quick smirk before following him.

“I can’t believe it was this easy, I thought we’d have to kick someone’s ass,” Bakugou half grumbled. His hands had been itching to at least blow one of the villains to hell but he supposed doing it the calm and safe Shinsou way was fine too if it meant they got out. The draft became more apparent as they walked towards what could only be the exit.

“Twice? Where’d you run off to, you didn’t turn off the tv. Kurogiri is gonna kill you for wasting electricity ya know,” Bakugou whipped

around, he recognised that voice all too well, the man who had turned him into a ball.

Acting fast, Shinsou whispered some instructions to Twice and then motioned towards the door. As Twice all but ran back to the living space, the two teens opened the heavy door and escaped, not bothering to close it. Not recognising where they were, they took off in the direction of the most light, where the city would be.

“What did you that guy to do?” Bakugou asked as they ran, their shoes scraping against the pavement.

“I told him to go and say he forgot then that he was going out to have a smoke or something,” Shinsou huffed out turning right into an alley, “Okay so now phase two, find help. Neither of us have a phone so we gotta find one or at least a police station or something.”

“That’d be a lot easier if we know where we are,” Bakugou looked up to see if any signs or billboards had the city’s name or at least pointed out landmarks.

“Let’s go, if we wait around near here they might find us. Better to blend into the city than be sitting in the open,” Shinsou peaked out of the alley, making sure both ways were clear of any face they recognised and continued walking, Bakugou next to him. Soon enough the pair came upon the city, it’s nightlife in full swing. Clubbers, bodyguards, businessmen, all wandering around, ready to let loose.

“Okay so we gotta split up, just walk around and ask for directions,” before Shinsou could walk away Bakugou grabbed his arm.

“Stay close enough so I can still see you, it be pointless if we somehow got separated,” Shinsou nodded before walking up to a group of young people. Bakugou did the same, walking over to a man who was selling trinkets at a kiosk.

“Hey there young man, could I interest you in a keychain or maybe a small teddy bear for your girlfriend,” the man winked.

“Would be easier for me to buy something with my wallet, I’ve dropped it somewhere. Do you know where the nearest police station is?” Bakugou frowned when the man looked downcast at the prospect of not making a sale.

“Well if you do find your wallet, come back why don’t ya?” The kiosk vendor let out a hardy laugh, “You’re gonna go two block down that

way, then make a right, the station should be on your left hand side." Bakugou nodded, turning around and looking for distinct purple hair. When he found it, Shinsou was in what looked like an uncomfortable conversation with a group of older women. Bakugou could tell from where he was they were drunk by their flushed faces. From the way they pinched Shinsou cheeks, even with a height disadvantage, and looked to be cooing, they were more, "let's baby this child" drunks and not "let's hit on this kid drunks". Bakugou walked towards the group catching Shinsou's pleading eyes.

"Um thank you for your compliments, I have to go now. Have a good night a-aunties," Bakugou held in a chuckle when the woman gasped lovingly at the title.

"Anytime sweetheart, come find us if you're ever back in town, we'll treat you to something. Now run off with your little boyfriend and don't get into any trouble," one of the ladies called making Shinsou's ears burn the same colour as Bakugou's eyes. Letting go Bakugou let his laughter escape from his lips, earning him a harsh glare as a result.

"Please tell me you know the way to the police station, all I learned from them was how to please a man with various fruits," Shinsou shuddered recounting the traumatic event.

"How do you- you know what nevermind, I don't think I wanna know," Bakugou frowned tugging Shinsou to where the vendor pointed, "Let's go the station's two blocks away."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY WALKED OUT!" Shigaraki exploded, the only thing keeping him from laying all five of his fingers down on Compress and Twice was the fact that Kurogiri's portals were already pooling near his hands.

"The tv was on and I walked out to tell Twice to turn it off, he was speaking all weird and told me he was going out to smoke. But he doesn't smoke so I thought something was off. I checked on the...guest and the door was locked so I just thought it was a weird personality thing until I clapped him on the back and he seemed to snap back and not really remember anything he did or said. The entrance was open and I went back to check on the guest and they were gone, a bunch of trash in their place."

"Who let them out," Shigaraki's red eyes trained on Twice who held his hands up in submission.

“I didn’t open the door for them to leave the room, they must of ambushed me or something. You said the purple one can brainwash right, someone yelled at me and I thought it might have been Dabi because he called me a dipshit but I didn’t recognise the voice so I was like ‘who’s there’ and-”

“SHUT UP!” Twice backed up, making a zipping motion across his mouth. Toga flashed him a small look of sympathy but figured that saying anything probably wasn’t the best survival strategy, “Where the fuck are Dabi and Spinner?”

“They went out, don’t know where,” Magne sighed.

“I’ll deal with that, the rest of you go out there and find those little bastards. And when you see the purple one don’t respond, just knock him out.” The four villains nodded before heading out.

“Shigaraki Tomura, what do you plan to do to them when they are returned?” Kurogiri asked, his portals returning to his a more cohesive form.

“I’m gonna sew Shinsou Hitoshi’s fucking mouth shut. Maybe he can speak when he learns some discipline,” Shigaraki rumbled, “Call Dabi and tell him to be on the lookout for those two.”

“Of course.”

“Hello? Who’s there?” Hizashi asked into the receiver, as he positioned it in the crook of his neck and shoulder. The phone had been ringing non stop for the past five minutes, the same unknown number calling it again and again, “Look I don’t know who you are,” Hizashi continued to peel his orange, “I think you have the wrong numb-”

“I know where your kid is,” Hizashi dropped the orange and knife. The words knocking the wind out of him.

“Who is this? This better not be some sort of sick joke because I swear I’ll find you and-”

“Calm down. If you wanna find Shinsou you need to listen to me. I don’t want the kid to get hurt more than he already has been,” the voice sighed attempting to quell Hizashi’s parental rant.

“Okay fine, I’m listening.”

“He’s in Kabukicho,Shinjuku. He’s currently trying to make contact with police in Mustafu but he doesn’t have much time. He’s also with the blonde kid, Bakugou something. I’ll protect them for as long as I can but you have to get someone here quick.”

“What the hell is my son doing in a red light district! Who are you?!”

“Someone with a lot of regrets, now hurry up if you want to save him and his friend.” Hizashi’s growled as the line went dead, slamming his fist into the wall. Wasting no more time he dialed a Aizawa’s number.

“Hizashi what’s wrong?”

“Kabukicho, Shinsou’s there, Bakugou too. We don’t have much time, get there as soon as you can and take someone with you. I’ll get there on my own.”

“Hizashi, what’s going-”

“Shouta. Please just go. He could be there please, don’t think just act.” Hizashi waited for an okay and a quick “I love you” before responding and hanging up the phone. Running up to get his costume, Mic had one thing on his mind; getting back his boy.

Chapter End Notes

> Sorry this is late, I wasn't home last night. I hope y'all enjoyed this chapter and are ready for me to spam this tag in the upcoming weeks. □(•⌂•)□

Reunited

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bakugou looked around the station, quickly pulling Shinsou back when he saw posters up for both of them, “Are you sure this is a good idea? They have a wanted poster for me up there, what if they think I kidnapped you or some shit?”

“If we’re detained it works in our favour, trust me, okay? I won’t let anything happen to you,” Bakugou nodded, following Shinsou to the front desk. The man at the desk was on the phone, talking calmly to someone and leading them through the process of filing a stolen item report.

“Now if you have any more questions call back or come by the station, but for now please call the stolen item extension number to report your item missing, thank you,” his light voice was misrepresented by his squid like face, tentacles obscuring his mouth and beady eyes at awkward angles on his head, “Hello son, how can I help…” the man trailed off looking at both of them.

“My name is Shinsou Hitoshi, I have been missing from Mustafu for about a week and this is Bakugou Katsuki, he-”

Bakugou’s body hit a desk as an explosion sent him flying. Blue flames began to engulf the station, consuming the wooden desk and setting papers ablaze. Bakugou looked up, smoke clouding his vision, ears still ringing like he just set off his strongest attack. Purple hair was indistinguishable among the smog, only hazy figures could be seen among everything else. With his vision unclear Bakugou crawled towards the nearest shape, pulling it close.

“Shinsou,” Bakugou tensed at the sing song tone Dabi used, “Where are you boy? If you come out now maybe Shigaraki won’t sew your mouth closed,” Bakugou was both relieved and mortified when there was no response.

“Maybe if you come out, we’ll let Bakugou live, seems fair right? He isn’t like us, you know. Even if his personality could use some work, he’ll probably be a popular hero someday, unlike you. All you get is contempt, that’s why you ran right? You know they only see you as

your quirk. We know you are more, so come on kid, let's go."

Bakugou clenched his jaw, trapping the words behind his teeth like caged animals. Who the fuck did this guy think he was trying to turn Shinsou against him? Bakugou ducked down, holding his hands over his head when another mass of blues flames came out, screams of burning police officers, civilians, and felons alike came out, crying in agony, calling out for help.

"You know you can stop this Shinsou, all you need to do is come on out, we'll leave right now if you do," Bakugou could only watch as another wave of blue was directed at the ceiling causing the structure to start falling apart.

"Dabi, what if he isn't responding cause you killed him," Spinner asked. Bakugou crawled away from the front entrance, praying the smog was still thick enough to cover his movements. If they wanted Shinsou, then they weren't gonna get him, Bakugou turned over another person, this time a woman with dark purple hair and sighed.

Seeing what he could barely distinguish as spiked up hair, Bakugou dragged the body over by its leg. Whoever it was groaned slightly, their trembling hand reaching for their head.

"Shinsou, is this you?" Bakugou choked on the words when a hand flew to his face.

"Yeah, what the hell is going on?" Shinsou muttered. Bakugou guessed his eyes were still closed if he didn't see the blue inferno around them. Bakugou pushed Shinsou back down muttering something about smoke inhalation and needing to stay low.

"They're looking for you. They wanna turn you against society or some shit, you need to get out of here. I'll distract them, just go okay?" Bakugou looked around for the glow on an exit sign, only to be stopped when two hands gripped his shirt.

"No. I'm not leaving you Bakugou, I can't," Shinsou's voice cracked, "Don't make decisions like that on your own idiot." Bakugou shook his head and pulled Shinsou behind a fallen over desk. Pulling Shinsou into his lap, Bakugou felt around his head for any gashes or terrible swelling, relieved to find that only one place on the back of his head was a little swollen.

"Shinsou?"

“Yeah?”

“I am so sorry,” Bakugou wrapped his arms around Shinsou in a chokehold, blocking out the words that managed to break free from Shinsou’s compromised body, the words that begged him to stop, Bakugou held him until his body went limp. With Shinsou passed out, Bakugou was able to move him behind the desk, fully out of sight from the villains.

“Okay assholes! Let’s fucking go!” Bakugou sent an explosion in the direction the last bout of flames had come from, and growled when Dabi’s cackle reached his ears.

“Bakugou, I see you have decided to join us, but sadly you’re not on the list for this party,” Dabi’s voice lowered dangerously as venom slipped into his words. Instead of readying his hands for another blast, Dabi motioned for Spinner to come in.

“Take care of the brat, I have a call to make,” Spinner jumped into action at Dabi’s request, brandishing a new sword made up of what appeared to be kitchen knives, a few pocket blades and at least one box cutter held together by leather straps.

“I see you brought another arts and crafts project you over grown salamander! Look at you all dressed up in civilian clothes, tired of playing pretend or was it someone else’s turn to be Stain today?” Bakugou smirked when the reptilian man growled and charged at him. He set off a blast but snarled when the Spinner was able to dodge it. Bakugou heard a scream and looked to the side; seeing people on the floor his eyes widened. Bakugou quickly ran for the front enterance, ducking Spinner’s blade and firing a small blast to antagonise him.

Once he came outside, Bakugou realised how much his lungs were struggling and took in the fresh air.

“You’re finished brat!” Bakugou cursed and blasted himself up in the air in time to avoid Spinner’s last attack but before he could complete his flip, he caught the glimmer of metal in the corner of his eye and fired towards it, hitting an incoming Toga with a blast, propelling the girl into a building.

“Fuck,” Bakugou whispered as the remaining villains spilled out of Kurogiri, but what caught his eye was that Shigaraki came with a box. Bakugou tensed, whatever could be in there, he was sure needed to be destroyed.

“I had faith in you Bakugou, I thought you’d be good for Shinsou’s sake, but it looks like you proved yourself to be disposable. Where’s Shinsou?”

“You’ll find him over my dead fucking body, you dehydrated tubesock!” Bakugou snarled, his vision zeroing in on the box in Shigaraki’s hand.

“Have it your way Bakugou,” Shigaraki hissed signalling the villains to jump into action. Bakugou made a break for it, running towards Shigaraki trying to evade attacks from both sides. Twice’s razor sharp measuring tape swished through the air, almost close enough to catch on Bakugou’s shirt. Bakugou flipped over him, in time to see the gloved hand of Mr.Compress coming at him.

“You fuckers just can’t quit,” he growled moving his hand into position and firing a large explosion at the masked man and propelling himself off target. Before Bakugou could properly land, he saw a barrage of blades coming his way. Bakugou’s eyes widened as the first knife whizzed passed his ear, before he blasted himself further into the air and could see Spinner with a now bladeless stick.

“You should’ve let me grab him before you did something like that,” Magne yelled. Bakugou added her to the ever growing list of villains to avoid hand to hand combat with.

“Shinsou, kid wake up,” a voice called out. As the teen opened his eyes, finding himself outside with someone above him. As he slowly began to recognise blinding white hair and intense eyes, his hand immediately went out to punch the person in the face. The ghost quirked man was prepared and allowed the blow to phase through him.

“You have a mean left hook kid, if I didn’t have this quirk you would’ve given me a good knock,” Shinsou sneered at Ryuu. The man was smiling at him like he didn’t put him in this situation.

“What the fuck do you-” Shinsou stopped when he heard an explosion.

Bakugou. Police station. Explosion. Blue Flames. Dabi. The villains. I am so sorry.

“It’s all coming back now, huh Shinsou,” Shinsou reared back, his

body hitting the cold stone of the dilapidated station.

“I’m not going back,” Shinsou said lowly, hand searching for something, anything he could use.

“I’m not-” Ryuu’s words died in his throat as Shinsou’s quirk took over. Shinsou tackled the man, wrapping his hands around his throat, not caring if he fell out of the quirk or not.

“I trusted you, you slimy bastard! You gave me a job, somewhere to live, fucking food to eat! I thought you were a good person,” Shinsou roared as he applied more pressure to Ryuu’s throat, feeling the tender flesh bruise underneath his fingers.

“I-I’m sor-” Ryuu attempted to get out, “Shinsou,” Shinsou hit the ground as his body phased through Ryuu, the older man getting up and gasping for breath, “Not gonna lie, you almost had me there. If your quirk or your hands were stronger I would’ve been finished.”

“What the hell do you want, I’ll die before going back,” Shinsou scrambled up, picking up a piece of glass from a shattered window.

“I don’t want you to go back. Look kid in my life I’ve never really done shit that has been exactly honourable or courageous and well I decided to help you.”

“You’re using me for your fucking redemption arc? What is this a shonen anime? You can’t do one act of kindness and expect your life to turn around and with your quirk you probably won’t even die trying to help, so don’t think you can go all ‘sacrificed himself at the last moment’ on me,” Shinsou yelled throwing his hands into his hair. Here he was arguing with this guy when Bakugou was fighting villains, “Look you wanna do some grande gesture to make peace with your inner demons or something fine, go out there and phase Bakugou.”

“What about you? I kinda came here more to help you since I’m not really invested in your friend over there. Not to mention he tried to blow me up when we met,” Ryuu frowned.

“You wanna help or not. Just do what I told you and leave me. He’ll put up a hell of a struggle but you need to get Bakugou out of there,” Shinsou began walking towards the side of the building, “Promise me Ryuu, you’ll protect Bakugou.”

“Of course.”

“Good, now go,” Shinsou commanded as he saw a Bakugou dodge Spinner’s knives. The ghostly man rushed past him, giving him a rub on the head and ran into the midst of battle. Shinsou couldn’t help but cringe when Ryuu used Twice as a springboard to catch Bakugou in the air, that had to have done a number on the villains back.

“What the hell, who’re you!” Shinsou smiled when he heard Bakugou yell and Ryuu hit him on the head telling him to shut up and accept help.

“Shigaraki, here I am, you can stop this now. I’ll come quietly, just leave Bakugou and everyone here alone,” Shinsou lifted his hands in surrender, not looking in Bakugou’s direction as his friend screamed at him.

“Shinsou, what the fuck are you doing! GET AWAY FROM HERE DAMN IT,” Bakugou cried trying to rip himself out of Ryuu’s hold.

“Oh you’ll definitely come quietly,” Shigaraki chuckled causing Shinsou to try and swallow the lump in his throat. Shigaraki opened the box in his arm to take out a needle and a spool of red thread, “Your quirk is a little too dangerous right now Shinsou, but we know you have untapped potential. So how about you come and let me sew you shut, we can take it off when you learn how to be a good boy,” Shinsou hesitated, taking a step back before steadying himself.

“You fucking bitch, if you lay a hand on him I’ll kill you! Do you hear me you crusty jerk sock! Fucking let go of me you old bastard!” Bakugou bellowed, thrashing around like an unbroken horse.

Shinsou let out a shuddered breath as he watched Shigaraki thread the needle with practiced precision. He slowly walked towards the young adult, each step signing away his quirk, his voice, and his freedom. Slowly but surely he made his way to Shigaraki wincing as his legs were kicked and he was brought to his knees. As the glimmering needle got closer to his lips, Shinsou closed his eyes, focusing on Bakugou’s voice in the background. Zeroing in on the sound, he allowed himself to relax in the face of terror. He felt the pinch of the needle on him and whimpered as it prodded deeper into his upper lip.

“Get the fuck away from my son!” Shinsou’s eyes shot open, it couldn’t be? But there they were, Mic, Aizawa, Midnight and even Ectoplasm. The four, well 12 counting Ectoplams’ clones, leaped into action running towards the villains.

“Shigaraki Tomura, we must go. We are in no position to fight them

all," Kurogiri urged as he already encompassed Toga and Twice in his body.

"No. No! NO!" Shigaraki yelled reaching for Shinsou's neck. With a snarl the villain wrapped all five fingers around him, crying in agony when Shinsou's skin stayed in tact. Before Kurogiri's body could reach him, Aizawa kicked Shigaraki away from Shinsou, causing the teen to fall back to the ground. Shinsou looked up and froze at Aizawa's expression. His foster father looked completely haggard, his beard had grown back from the press conference and his eyes unwavering on Shigaraki's form. Kurogiri's void captured the rest of the villains, allowing them an escape before the heroes could catch up to them.

"Hitoshi, oh my god Hitoshi," Hizashi cried hugging him. Shinsou could barely register the wetness of Hizashi's tears on his shoulder nor the needle being pulled from his lip.

"You came for me," he whispered getting Hizashi attention.

"Of course we came for you, your our son," Shinsou raked his eyes over Hizashi's face, taking in the bags under his eyes, the intense redness of his tearful eyes and the way his lip quivered as he spoke.

"Hitoshi," Shinsou flinched at Aizawa's voice, regretting his reflex when he saw the mournful expression on his face, "Please, don't leave us again," Aizawa crouched down to be eye level with his son, "If I ever hurt you again, if Hizashi hurts you, please don't just disappear," Shinsou's breath hitched when another pair of arms came around him, "We were so worried. We thought we lost you forever Hitoshi," Aizawa's voice cracked as his emotions began to seep through the cracks, "We love you so much," Aizawa's hold on him got tighter as he leaned in, putting his face into Shinsou's hair.

"I love you guys too," Shinsou blubbered, ignoring the small trickle of blood on his lip. When the minor wound stung him more, he realised he was crying, salty tears flowing over his slightly damaged lip. Suddenly Shinsou gasped, "Bakugou! Where's Bakugou?" Shinsou was allowed to turn and saw his friend being comforted by the two other heroes.

Shinsou scrambled up and ran over, almost knocking over his friend and holding him close, "Don't ever do something like that again! They could've killed you!"

"You're the one who almost got his mouth sewn shut you big idiot! Besides I protect you, remember?" Bakugou smiled putting his

forehead on Shinsou's.

"Hate to break this up, but Bakugou is technically still a villain, so we have to go get that sorted at a police station that isn't half burned down. The teens rose from the ground, Shinsou taking hold of Bakugou's hand.

"Shinsou let's go home," Hizashi said with a small smile. When Shinsou shook his head, Hizashi's expression wavered for a moment before smiling again, "Well then Bakugou you'll ride back with us. Uh Midnight, Ectoplasm, do you mind taking care of," Hizashi made a motion to the police station.

"Take the kids home, we'll take it from here. Some local heroes are bound to start showing up anyway," Ectoplasm waved them off preparing to talk to the incoming police, press and heroes.

"Let's go home," Aizawa said, a small smile in place of his usual expression.

Chapter End Notes

> I hope y'all don't think the angst is over...next chapter will be nice though, I've put you all through enough. Thank you for taking time to read my fic! (ノ◕ワ◕)ノ*:･ﾟ✧

Car rides and comfort

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The car ride back to Musutafu would take only an hour or so from Tokyo but that was plenty time for the two teenagers to fall asleep in the back seat. The pair still hadn't let go of each other's hands, but now Shinsou rested his head on Bakugou's shoulder as the other teen had his unoccupied arm slung around him. Bakugou rested his head on Shinsou's, stuffing his face into purple hair uncaring that it was covered in dirt and debris.

Mic looked back at them through the rearview mirror and hummed, "Hey Shouta, I know you always tease Hitoshi but are they actually together?" He whispered taking in the way Bakugou curled protectively around his son.

"I saw Bakugou straddle him before at school and they were acting really awkward after so either they are and Hitoshi has been stingy with details or he's dense. I'll bet on the latter, Bakugou isn't subtle at all," Aizawa smirked when Bakugou's arm tightened around Shinsou. It was still a little unbelievable all the events that happened in the past two weeks from their son going missing to their students getting attacked to a student "joining" the villains.

"Do you think they'll be okay? I mean we can put them in therapy but I don't think they'll want it," Mic sighed. He knew Shinsou had a hard time opening up, he didn't even mention his birth parents to them until months after first meeting them.

"We can't force Hitoshi if he doesn't want it and for Bakugou, well that's up to his parents," Aizawa paused for a moment before sighing and asking Mic to pull over.

"Is something wrong? Did you get injured? Are-"

"I'm sorry," the question coming from Mic evaporated as he heard those words, "You were right, Hitoshi left because of me. He could have been killed and it's my fault."

"Shouta, I said that out of anger. I don't blame you."

"But you were right! I did something his biological father would have

done. I yelled at him, I used my quirk on him Hizashi. He flinched away from me when we saved him, my own son is afraid of me," Aizawa's shoulder trembled as he turned away from his husband.

"They're not gonna take him away from us because of one mishap and didn't you hear him he said he loved us. We all had lapses in judgement but that's what makes us human. Now let's go, we have to get the little love birds back to the precinct," Mic smiled as he rubbed a soothing circle on his lover's back, "We have bigger problems to solve anyway," he gestured to Bakugou, who was now not so subtly snuggling into Shinsou, "Do we tell Toshi or let him figure it out. You know how he can be," Mic sighed.

"They're young and Hitoshi doesn't know it yet but he likes Bakugou back. It's only a matter of time before we walk in on them-"

"Shouta ew, I don't want to think about my son making out with my student," Mic turned back onto the road grumbling something about disgusting old men making Aizawa laughed.

The station was bustling with villains being escorted in and heroes, police officers and civilians walking about like it was an open air market. Walking in Bakugou took a deep breath as he recognised the same ash blonde hair that resided on his head in the distance.

"BAKUGOU KATSUKI!"

"STOP YELLING HAG IT'S THREE AM!" Before Bakugou could get any more words out he was pulled into his mother's arms and forced to let go of Shinsou's hand. His father came around the otherside hugging him as well much to his embarrassment, "Come on let go, they can see you," his face was undeniable red and if Shinsou's smirk was anything to go by he would undoubtedly be teased later.

"You've been gone for how long? With fucking villains and you expect me not to hug you, you little brat," Mitsuki coddled, "Putting my poor heart through so much stress."

"You have a he-" Bakugou's jab was cut short by his father elbowing him before his mother could hear him.

"We missed you son and we're very proud of you for saving your friend, but please refrain from doing it alone next time," Masaru sighed with a small smile. Though the blonde wouldn't admit it he had a soft spot a mile wide for his father and grumbled in acceptance,

“How rude of me, you must be Shinsou, Bakugou talks about you non-stop over the phone,” Bakugou takes it back, his father could go to hell.

“I am, nice to meet you sir,” Shinsou flashes a trained smile to the elder man, “You as well ma'am.”

“Good to see that the brat can make polite friends, please take care of our son,” She said with a blinding smile.

“I take care of his dumbass,” Bakugou mumbled going back over and taking Shinsou’s hand. He continued to tell himself that it was for Shinsou’s own comfort even though he was more pressed to continue the contact.

“Good morning,” a chipper officer said with a tired smile, “Can we have Bakugou Katsuki for quick questioning, we promise you he’s not in trouble,” Bakugou side eyed his mom when he heard her say “not yet” under her breath. Giving Shinsou’s had a quick squeeze he followed the officer into the back room. It was plain, with concrete walls, dingy lighting and a one way window.

“No need to be nervous, just a few questions and you’re free to go, I’m Detective Hidari,” Bakugou nodded, “Why did you leave with the villains during All Might’s fight with All For One?”

“The villains said that they had my friend, Shinsou Hitoshi-”

“The same one that went missing a week prior?” The detective asked scribbling down notes on his notepad.

“Yes.”

“Why did you go with them instead of escaping, you did have a way to leave correct?”

“Yes, my classmates attempted a rescue but I didn’t know if they would hurt Shinsou or not so I went with them,” Bakugou grimaced at the memory, he owed them all a huge ass apology no matter how hard it was going to be.

“Are you aware of any recent events since your kidnapping?”

“No, they kept us isolated from the outside world,” Bakugou frowned at the man’s downcast face, “What happened?”

“All Might beat All For One but was forced into retirement in the process. I’m sorry kid but the Symbol of Peace is no more,” the news hit Bakugou like a lightning bolt. All Might was forced into retirement fighting to save Bakugou from-

“It’s all my fault,” Bakugou whispered. He barely registered the detective saying he was done with the questions nor did he feel the pat on his shoulder. The world was behind a clouded glass wall. His ears took a break from their job, only allowing the vague sounds of the universe to enter.

“KATSUKI,” Bakugou snapped to attention, tears disfiguring the person before him. He would have fallen out of reality if those purple eyes didn’t capture him, grounding him to the world, “It’s okay, just breathe,” Bakugou only then realised his lungs were on fire.

“It’s all my fault, if I d-didn’t get-”

“You can’t blame yourself for the inevitable. All Might was at the end of his rope anyway, it was only a matter of time,” Shinsou sighed wrapping his arms around his friend, “It’s not your fault you were kidnapped nor is it your fault the fight drained him. Blaming yourself is a dangerous thing. Let’s go home,” Shinsou said, putting one hand on Bakugou’s cheek and pressing their foreheads together.

“I don’t mean to interrupt but uh, we should get going,” the pair turned to see all 5 adults looking at them with red tinged cheeks.

XX

“WHEN WERE YOU GONNA TELL US YOU HAD A BOYFRIEND,” Bakugou held his hands over his ears.

“He’s not my boyfriend, he’s a friends that’s a boy,” Bakugou rolled his eyes at his mom’s over dramatic sigh.

“And here I thought I had a son in-law in the near future. Did you confess yet or are you waiting for the right moment?” She asked with a wolfish grin.

“There’s nothing to confess, he’s only my friend-”

“My bullshit detector is off the charts Katsuki, tell mommy the truth,” she cooed with mock baby talk.

“I may have a few feelings for him, but he doesn’t feel the same way-”

“Doesn’t feel the same way? He was all over you at the station! He-”

“Was being a good friend-”

“Or he was being a potential boyfri-”

“MOM HE DOESN’T LIKE ME BACK!”

“YES HE DOES! YOU’RE JUST BLIND!”

“Can we stop yelling it’s very late. Mistuki let Katsuki sort out his own feelings and Katsuki don’t be afraid to tell your friend your feelings. The way you two were today was not exactly the most platonic, you did kiss him goodbye,” Masaru chuckled at his son’s exasperation.

“It was on the forehead. He likes it,” Bakugou huffed. He sat back shutting his eyes, allowing purple eyes and straight teeth smiles to fill his head.

Chapter End Notes

> Thanks for reading! To anyone wondering this fic is not ending soon, more drama is waiting to happen (ノ◕ワ◕)ノ*:･ﾟ✧

Back to normal(ish)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bakugou sighed, he knew what the day would entail. Sitting in the living room couch to a revolving door of visitors. Teachers, relatives, classmates (maybe), even his parents coworkers would come in and out all day long to say something like, “Oh we’re glad you’re okay,” or “We never doubted you.” And he’d have to sit there and be constantly reminded of everything that went wrong with his life in the last week. At least it was still summer break and he could relax after.

The first visitors were Aizawa and All Might, he spent most of the “talk” arguing with his mom and getting smacked over the head. It was weird seeing All Might like that, broken and small. His childhood hero was so different now, so broken. He glanced away from him, not being able to really look at what he think he caused.

His eyes landed on Aizawa, the man looked different again, more like he had during the press conference, stubble gone, hair in a half up style, wearing another suit. Though the man had saved him, it was super awkward seeing him considering he had seen Bakugou being touchy with his son. Aizawa’s stunned face repeatedly came to mind, he shouldn’t have kissed Shinsou on the forehead in front of everyone. Bakugou blanched at his sudden realisation, he was in love with his teacher’s son, Aizawa’s son, Aizawa who likes him but is probably an overprotective parent and would never want his son to date someone as brash as Bakugou. Plus Aizawa knew Bakugou could be a giant prick, who let’s their son date a prick? No one. He was screwed.

“Bakugou can we talk alone for a minute,” Fuck. Bakugou stood up stiffly and followed Aizawa out to the balcony, “So,” Aizawa turned to him with a weird smile on his face, “You and Hitoshi.”

“We’re friends,” Bakugou forced out. He refused to be nervous, being nervous meant he was scared. He wasn’t scared of Aizawa. Sure he could erase Bakugou’s quirk and use his capture weapon to dangle him off the balcony if he told the man he wanted to date his son, but that most likely- probably- hopefully wouldn’t happen. Being bold enough, Bakugou looked at his teacher’s face only to see a knowing smirk.

“You must be *very* good friends to kiss Hitoshi like that.”

“IT WAS ON THE FOREHEAD!” Bakugou groaned after he yelled the phrase, getting defensive only caused Aizawa to smile more.

Leaning down, Aizawa stopped with his mouth near Bakugou’s ear, “You have my blessing, Mic’s too, as Hitoshi’s fathers,” he chuckled clapping Bakugou on the shoulder and walking back inside.

“I don’t need some hobo cosplayers blessing,” Bakugou grumbled going back to his room, he didn’t want to deal with this anymore. His friends couldn’t even come today because they all wanted to visit him together as a class. Stupid Iida.

He looked up and sighed, Shinsou couldn’t even come, texting him that Mic wanted them to spend time together and that something came up. He understood, really, but he didn’t want to be apart from him. Bakugou groaned for what was probably the hundredth time that day, he sounded like a lovesick school girl in some weird shoujo drama. All that was missing was the skirt, sakura petals, and him writing a diary entry about Shinsou-senpai or something.

Hearing a knock on the door Bakugou sat up, “Go away hag! I’m tired of seeing people,” flopping back down he exhaled sharply when the door opened anyway, “What did I- oh.” Midoriya stood in the doorway, looking half nervous half determined, “What do you want De-” Bakugou wasn’t heartless. He knew that much. That was the one and only reason he didn’t immediately push Deku off when he rushed forward and hugged him.

“I-I-I, we, we lost Shinsou and t-then we lost you too and t-then we thought you were gonna- but then you left with the villains and- and,” Bakugou was bad with tears. Even though over half of his interactions with Shinosu ended with the other teen crying, that didn’t mean he magically knew how to handle emotional people. Dealing with a crying Shinosu was easy, he always wants to touch Shinsou. Hug, he always wanted to hug Shinsou. Touch sounds creepy. Besides, after years of being the main reason that the green fluff ball cried he wasn’t really sure if it was even okay for him to do anything.

“Uh there there Deku,” he patted his back rubbing a small circle, “I’m fine and Shinsou is fine so stop crying,” he could feel the body pressed against his shake with sobs. Giving in he wrapped his arms around the shorter boy, “Hey, I’m back and I’m alright. Okay, uh...Izuku?” Bakugou clamps his mouth shut when Midoriya looks up at him.

Instead of having his eyes wide like he'd seen the gods his face was contorted with awkwardness and even a hint of displeasure.

"I know I wanted you to stop calling me Deku for years but hearing you say my name is weird. Deku- Deku is fine," after a moment both of them burst into laughter, Bakugou pushing Midoriya off of him playfully, "I'm glad your back," Midoriya smiled. Bakugou sighed he knew this probably didn't mean their relationship was fixed and they were gonna be rainbows and ice cream, but it was a start.

The resentment he felt, it wasn't completely gone. He still would probably be rude but he knew, deep down in some crevice of his heart, he would never go back to being the same Bakugou from middle school. He may never be best friends with Midoriya again, but he knew he would no longer disregard his presence. Deku wasn't that bad.

"Oh and Kacchan! Aizawa-sensei told me to give you my blessing to date Shinsou as Shinsou's first friend. I'm glad you like him!?" Nevermind Deku could go die in a fire, right after his sensei.

Shinsou was happy to be home. Really happy. After nights on a lumpy futon and breathing in damp, probably moldy air in a windowless room, he was glad to be in his own bed, safe and warm. Well until Aizawa left. Aizawa was a lot like Shinsou, they both liked to avoid awkward, emotion filled conversations when they felt like they could. Mic wasn't like that, Mic made sure the world knew how he felt ad that he knew how the world felt right back. And at that moment, Shinsou was the world.

"Can't I come? I wanna see Bakugou," Shinsou pleaded . If he was being honest he was in no state to see Bakugou, his hair was unruly, pajamas still on and there was probably dried drool on his cheek but he didn't want to be left with Mic.

"You can see your boyfriend tomorrow, that's when the class will. You should spend the day with Hizashi, you two haven't really talked much," Shinsou frowned. Of course they haven't talked, he just got back from his run away turned kidnapping vacation, "I'll be sure to give him your regards," and with that Aizawa closed the door.

Shinsou tiptoed to the kitchen entrance, watching as Mic gathered ingredients for a cake. Considering both of their birthdays went

uncelebrated with all the craziness going on, making a cake did bring back a bit of normalcy to their lives.

“Shinsou, I don’t have eyes at the back of my head but I can certainly feel yours,” Mic joked, a wide smile on his face. He scurried to the entryway and grabbed Shinsou’s arm, pulling him into the kitchen. Before he could protest an apron was thrown on his, strings pulled back and tied, a bonnet covering his head, “You may wanna wipe the drool off your face while you wash your hands!” And with that Mic gave him a small push in the direction of the sink.

“So what kind of cake do you want, it can be regular vanilla, but we can do chocolate or marble or strawberry shortcake or marzipan pound cake or lemon or-”

“I think vanilla is fine,” Shinsou interrupted, before Mic listed every flavour in existence. Wiping his face and drying his hands, Shinsou shook his head, he didn’t even know what marzipan was, “I mean you can choose something else, it’s your cake too,” he added. He made Mic miss his birthday, the least he could do was let him have free reign over the flavour.

“Vanilla is fine for me too Hitoshi.”

“But you don’t have to have vanilla if you don’t want it.”

“I’m fine with it.”

“I don’t want you to be fine with it. I want you to choose it.”

“Okay? I choose vanilla.”

“I don’t want vanilla anymore.”

“Oh, then it can be some-”

“SEE!” Shinsou yelled crossing his arms, “You’re pandering to me. I’m not gonna run away because of something as stupid as a cake flavour-,” Shinsou cut off. Mic was looking at him, eyes full of unshed tears, “Mic, I- can we talk about this? You’ve been treating me like glass since I got back, I’m not going to leave again, ever. It was a mistake when I left, I shouldn’t have done it. I’m sorry-” Before he could finish he was pulled into a tight embrace.

“It was our fault, we made you feel unwelcome. I just don’t want to mess this up Toshi, you’re the best thing that happened to us, we love

you," Mic mumbled into his hair.

"I love you too," Shinsou tired to force the question in his throat back down, it wasn't the time. He just got back, things were going back to normal but, "Where were you gonna send me the day I got in trouble?" Shinsou needed to know. Mic backed up, eyes downcast. He looked akin to a child who got caught smearing their mother's lipstick all over the mirror, or a dog that uprooted a prized houseplant.

"We can talk about that when Aizawa gets home," Mic turned curtly and brought out the measuring cups.

"Why can't we talk about it now?" Shinsou asked getting the eggs out of the fridge.

"Because it's a family matter that needs to be discussed with the entire family present. Now let's make a cake!" Shinsou frowned at the forced enthusiasm but obliged. Aizawa would be home soon enough and he'll bring it up again.

Chapter End Notes

> I realised that in my last A/N I didn't include that the next time I updated this it would be with multiple chapters and would be the end of the fic. Sorry about that! I decided that was better than posting angst and letting y'all suffer for weeks at a time so I guess this is almost like a mini-hiatus. Hope you enjoyed this chapter, see you next time for the end!

Secrets

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So…” Shinsou was regretting every decision he made that day. He knew he should’ve kept his mouth shut and never questioned the past. A harrowing moment of deja vu was in place as they sat in the living room, Shinsou across from his parents. Aizawa was poised as always, calm and stoic. Shinsou always had a hard time reading his emotions but then again, when someone like Mic is around to make enough expressions for both of you, Aizawa didn’t need to worry about that.

Mic was as frazzled as the day of *the incident* , the only difference being the small amount of flour on his shoulder and the purple dye that stained his fingertips. He smiled this time as well, trying to show that everything was alright and that cake and ice cream would make the coming news better.

“No use beating around the bush, where were you going to send me?” Aizawa’s eyes widened noticeably and Shinsou guessed that Mic didn’t tell him exactly what he was coming home to, “I heard you, after I went into my room on *that* night. I was gonna come back out and then I heard that you were gonna send me somewhere and that I’d hate you for it,” Both of them looked away from him, Aizawa simply averting his eyes while Mic’s head went 90 degrees to the right, “So...what was it?”

Aizawa sighed, tired eyes scanning the wall behind Shinsou. Their happy faces lined the space, picture after picture from first meetings, well the official one at the foster home, up until they moved him in, “How well do you remember your parents Hitoshi?” Shinsou blinked, his parents? The two fucks who threw him away at age six?

Admittedly he didn’t remember them vividly, it’d been ten years without even a picture, only fading or repressed memories to remember them by. His father had purple eyes like his own, a strong voice that always seemed to be yelling. His hair matched his eyes and Shinsou could remember the feeling of stubble on his fingertips. His mother always seemed to be shaking, with her words and her actions. Never in one place for too long and the only colour he could associate her with was blue. But he could hear the soft melodies that were sung when his father left and she became a little more still, when she would

comfort him after he did something wrong, after his father-

“What about them? Haven’t see them in years?”

“Well they want to change that,” Aizawa near growled out. Ice gripped his veins, like he’d been thrown into arctic waters. Shinsou was numb, a war drum beat pounded away in his chest.

“You can’t- they can’t take me. They gave up their rights!” The teen popped up from the couch, yelling at his parents. This couldn’t happen, he just got back. They couldn’t, they wouldn’t.

“Toshi, calm down. They can’t take you back, they gave up their rights when they relinquished you to the government. A few nights before summer break started they called and asked if they could see you. We thought it would be good for you to see them and maybe-”

“Maybe what! I don’t need closure, it wasn’t exactly a Case Closed mystery case on why they gave me up. They hated my quirk and didn’t wanna ruin their perfect family by having me around so they took me to the nearest place they could dump me and that was that. They probably have some new kids that aren’t fuck ups and they are completely fine without seeing me. They can take whatever guilt or revelation they had after ten fucking years of radio silence and shove it up their asses!” The heroes faces blurred as tears filled his eyes. A decade of nothing, not even a card on his birthday, and suddenly they want to see him?

“Hitoshi we-”

“I’m not seeing them! I don’t care about their feelings and whatever they want to say. Tell them to fuck off!” He shouldn’t cuss at his parents, he shouldn’t yell at the two people who have given him so much. But the floodgates had opened with years of repression, backlogged feelings of inadequacy, and a withering self-worth rushing through the once dry banks, “I’m- I’m sorry. I’m gonna go to bed.”

Out of the corner of his eye he sees Mic reach for him but Aizawa’s outstretched arm holds him back. He steadied his legs and tried not to run up the stairs like some tantrum throwing child, but as soon as his foot reached the top step he bolted into his room.

Another wave of sobs tore through him when he got the door closed, slamming his back against it. Reaching his pocket he pulled out his phone and scrolled through his contacts.

Bakugou Katsuki is not whipped. The fact that he left his house in a rush, boarded a train and was now running from the station to the Aizawa-Yamada home was completely irrelevant.

It's not like anyone could blame him. It's not everyday your best friends/crush/trauma buddy calls you sobbing and says the words "I need you." What else could he do but ask him for an address, fill his bag with snacks and a hoodie, and leave his house. He had no idea why Shinsou was crying and in retrospect he should have asked for an explanation but considering he ran past his parents yelling "Shinsou needs me now! Be back tomorrow, love you!" he obviously wasn't thinking with the rational part of his brain.

His feet slapped against the pavement as he ran through the neighbourhood, the cool summer breeze made him thankful for remembering to pull on a hoodie after he packed one for Shinsou. Veering around the corner, he narrowly avoided stepping on a kitten. Bakugou stopped and looked at the small cream puff coloured ball of fur. It had no collar and was a little dirty with a few specs of dirt clinging to his fur. It probably didn't have an owner and judging by how it was all alone, no mother or siblings either. Shinsou liked cats. He had one cat. Now he can have two.

Bakugou nodded at his own reasoning as he crouched down, "Hey...buddy. Come here," he said making kissy noises at the kitten. The cats sat down, tail whipping lazily as it stared at him, blue eyes relaxed, "Come on, come here uh little friend?" Bakugou swore the cat rolled its eyes at him.

"Come on you little shit! Just cooperate with me, I'm tryna give you a home here!" The cat meowed back, almost snarl like.

"Well fuck you too! You need a home more than I need you! I'm not even the one that's gonna keep you!" The cat curled up and hissed, small claws extending as it readied to pounce.

"Do you wanna fucking go you little shit? I'll-" Bakugou stopped when he realised he was yelling at a cat in the middle of a neighbourhood he didn't live in. He already had one run in with the police this summer, he didn't need two, "You know what? Fine. Stay here, see if I care," Bakugou turned on his heel and stalked away.

Making the last few blocks, Bakugou stood in front of a good sized home. He expected it to be loud with a Mic influenced design but

instead it was a western style brownstone home with big windows covered with cream curtains and an oak door. It cried domestic. Bakugou walked up to the door but stopped hearing a rather cross sounding meow.

The fucking kitten followed him.

“What do you want asshole?” Bakugou whipped around and growled. The cat sauntered up and butted its head on his shin easily deflating Bakugou’s angry stance. Racking his brain for the numerous cat facts Shinsou told them while they were held captive, he remembered a night of holding each other and Shinsou saying something about headbutting and affection or claiming or something. Either way the fucker liked him.

“Okay, let’s go runt,” Bakugou bent down and scooped up the pudgy kitten placing it in his hoodie. Thinking twice about knocking on the door, Shinsou never did tell him what (or who) upset him, Bakugou walked around to the back of the house and looked up at the windows. The beige ones definitely wouldn’t be picked for Shinsou’s room so it left two windows for him to choose.

One of them had black curtains and the other purple.

Either could be his.

Well Shinsou’s hair and eyes are purple so by association his curtain would be purple. But to match the room to your own hair colour is weird so maybe it would be black, a lot of his casual clothing was black. But then again he also wore a lot of purple too.

Cutting his losses Bakugou picked up a few small pebbles and climbed the nearest tree until he was higher than both windows. The first stone hit the purple window with a loud thump and the light immediately came on causing Bakugou to hold his breath. The curtain shifted to reveal purple hair, pale skin, and bloodshot eyes. Shinsou opened the window and leaned out looking down and around for Bakugou.

“Oi! I’m over here,” Bakugou whispered harshly causing Shinsou to look up to the tree. Praying it didn’t backfire on him, Bakugou dropped he rest of the rocks and jumped off the branch. Activating his quirk, he let out small huffs that slowed his descent until he grabbed the window and pulled himself in. Upon entering he noticed two things, there were two windows in the room, one with black curtains, and a big ass purple lava lamp on the floor. That could be

discussed later though.

“Bakugou I-” Shinsou’s words were cut off as he was pulled into a hug. A harsh hiss and pin pricks in his skin made him let go and grab the kitten out of his hoodie.

“I brought you this,” Bakugou muttered pushing the evil little monster into Shinsou. The kitten rolled over in his friend’s arms until it was being held like a baby and purred, playfully batting out a paw at Shinsou’s tear streaked face.

“Oh you found Biscuit,” Shinsou smiled, “He’s never followed someone before. He must really like you,” Shinsou sat on his bed, fingers rubbing small circles on the kitten’s head.

“Well I brought him here. For you. Cause you like cats. And that’s a cat. So yeah,” Bakugou ground out choppily, “I also brought snacks and a hoodie for you. You don’t have to wear it or anything I just brought it cause it’s nice and I want you to have nice things, but not in a weird way or anything. Like you’re my friend so I brought you something nice. So there. Wear it if you want asshole,” Bakugou said taking the items out of his bag and dumping them in Shinsou’s lap.

“Thanks,” Shinsou said slowly putting the food on the bedside table and putting the hoodie on. Bakugou would deny ‘til his last day that he wanted to squeal when Shinsou inhaled his scent from the hoodie. Taking a seat next to the other teen, Bakugou kicked off his shoes before getting behind him and pulling the taller boy into his chest. With the strength of 10 All Mights, Bakugou pushed away the guilt he felt at taking advantage of a sad Shinsou’s need for physical contact when the other teen leaned back on him.

“Bakugou what happened when you first got your quirk?” taken aback by the odd question, Bakugou forehead creased in confusion.

“I was like four or something and I hit my hands on the table at home and accidentally blew it up along with dinner. We ordered take out and my parents signed me up for quirk counselling. Why?”

“When I first got my quirk I didn’t know. My mom was trying to feed my green peppers with dinner and I didn’t want to and when she answered me I caught her in my quirk. I didn’t know what happened when she stopped talking, waiting for a command,” Shinsou’s voice grew grave as he pulled Biscuit closer to him, “I just sat there, strapped in my high chair with my mom unmoving for what felt like hours until my dad came home. He started freaking out but when he

touched her she snapped out of it."

"Shinsou-"

"I couldn't control it. They sent me to counselling but it didn't help much at first cause I'd be too afraid to talk. It was always my mom ya know, I'd make her do things by accident. Tell her that I want something or that I wanted to go somewhere. My dad brought up the option of gagging me so I would learn to control it, once. I cried for what seemed like hours after that. Then when I was six, I asked my mom for a toy but she said no and I made her take it. We got stopped by the security and," Shinsou stopped talking, taking two shuddering breaths, "And my dad got called. He was so mad and they- they usually fought but that time my mom didn't defend me. A few weeks later they put me in foster care."

"Hitoshi."

"He called me a villain Bakugou! I was six years old, it wasn't my fault! I just wanted the stupid toy I didn't think about it, it was an accident and they threw me away! I keep fucking up people's families, their lives. Look at Aizawa and Mic, I ran away from them! I don't-" Bakugou's hand came over his mouth.

"Stop it. They want you here, they chose you. Your parents were shitty people who couldn't take care of a kid with a powerful quirk and your dad was an asshole. You never have to see those fucks again," Bakugou finished placing a quick kiss on the distressed teen's temple.

"They want to see me."

"Say no. You don't owe those assholes any of your fucking time. If they wanted to be a part of your life they had years to do it, but they didn't," Bakugou frowned when Shinsou pulled away from him.

"I kinda want to. I want them to see I'm happy without them or something, I don't know," Shinsou laid Biscuit down, petting his soft fur, "Can you…" he trailed off.

"Yeah, I'm staying the night."

"Thanks but I actually wanted to ask if you'd come with me- to see them and all," Shinsou brought his knees up to his chest.

"Are you sure? I'll go but do you really want me too?" Bakugou asked,

his arms already reaching for Shinsou's body once more.

"You're my best friends, if this somehow doesn't go directly to hell and we're in some weird idyllic dimension where we reconcile and I get to have four parents, I want them to meet you," he said allowing himself to be manhandled. Bakugou pulled him until his back was flush against his chest before laying them down on the bed. Shinsou wiggled around until he faced him, the glow of the lava lamp (Bakugou was still astonished by its size) painted the corner of the room a soft lavender, "I really love you."

"I love you too," Bakugou whispered. He inched closer until they were nose to nose. Their eyes locked as they shared the same breath. The world around them seemed to fade until all that was left was their two bodies floating in a sphere all their own.

"Okay, this is weird as hell, good night," Shinsou squeaked turning over.

"Fuck no! I've been waiting for this moment turn around and kiss me you ass!"

"What do you mean waiting?" Shinsou sat up suddenly causing Biscuit to hiss and jump down to the floor.

"I've liked you for months shitface and now I was gonna kiss you and you ruined it! Lie back down we're doing this right," Bakugou growled.

"We have a lot to unpack here before we kiss. First of all how long have you liked me?" Shinsou asked crossing his arms.

"Since I saved you from those bullies. When did you start liking me?"

"When we were in the warehouse. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why didn't you tell me?" Bakugou shot back.

"Le-let's go to bed, okay? We can talk about this in the morning or something," Shinsou said. Before he could lie back down his face was caught between two warm hands.

"It's like 9pm. We aren't sleeping anytime soon and I brought snacks. Now are you gonna let me do all this romantic shit or are you gonna be an asshole about it?" Bakugou pinched one of Shinsou's cheeks.

“Fine. Do your romantic shit,” the flush faced teen grumbled. Bakugou slid his hands down until he grabbed Shinsou’s own, rubbing circles on them with his thumbs.

Looking into his eyes, Bakugou took a deep breath, “Hitoshi,” he started, “You understand me and make me see the world a little clearer and a lot brighter. I care about you so much and you are worth every ounce of love that is given-”

“Do I have to listen to this? It’s like we’re doing wedding vows. Can’t you just kiss me or something, this is embarrassing,” Bakugou took in Shinsou’s tomato face but shook his head.

“You mean something to me so you’re gonna hear it you ass. I expect to hear you say some sweet shit too ya know,” Bakugou chastised, shaking his head at Shinsou’s groaning, “Anyway, you’re my best friend and I want to be with you. There, you’re turn.”

“I like you. A lot.”

“And?”

“You mean a lot to me and stuff and I don’t know I wanna be with you all the time and I worry about you cause even though you’re really smart you have like negative common sense sometimes-”

“Negative common sense? Fuck are you talking about!” Bakugou yelled.

“YOU FOLLOWED ME IN THE BUSHES ONE TIME!”

“YOU WERE BEING SECRETIVE!”

“ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS ASK ME!”

“YOU WOULDN’T HAVE TOLD ME THE TRUTH-”

“CAN YOU TWO STOP YELLING IN MY HOUSE WHEN I’M TRYING TO SLEEP!” Both teens whipped their heads to the door to see a pissed off Aizawa and a camera toting Mic wearing a green tea face mask, “Congrats on finally doing what we’ve all seen coming for weeks, but can you keep it down. Thanks.”

Mic clicked a picture and smiled, “That’s one for the wedding slideshow,” he said happily and with that the two adults left closing the door.

“Now I’m really going to bed. You can have your stupid kiss in the morning.” Bakugou sighed and laid down next to his almost-boyfriend, pulling him close.

Chapter End Notes

> It's still not done because life hates me and college. I don't wanna keep y'all waiting anymore so here's some food, enjoy until I finally finish this fic. Anyway, thank you for all your support for this fic, when I finally get into the groove of things in college I hope to write more. Thanks for bearing with me ≧◡≦

Family Reunion

“YOU SAID IN THE MORNING!”

“I DIDN’T EVEN BRUSH MY TEETH YET YOU NASTY LITTLE SHIT!”

Hizashi had always been a bit of a romantic, but he never remembered young love being so...loud. Sure he was loud, but Shouta was almost silent so it balanced out. Bakugou was always loud but whenever Hizashi heard Hitoshi yell it was accompanied with tears and grief but now he was yelling with mock anger and a healthy amount of sass. Their love was loud, but loud and happy.

The two boys came stumbling downstairs, a small kitten in tow. Their half disheveled states made the older blonde laugh as he finished up breakfast.

“I know I’m no longer sleeping, but can you two still not yell in my house? Thanks,” Aizawa tutted taking another sip of his tea.

“Grouchy old man,” Shinsou muttered as he sat at the table, Bakugou next to him.

“So,” Mic started as he put down bowls of rice, “Is it...you know, official? Not that I want to intrude or anything,” his smile faltered when Bakugou growled.

“He won’t ask me out until he gets his kiss,” Shinsou shrugged breaking apart his chopsticks.

“I would’ve asked if you let me do everything right but you messed up last night,” Bakugou spat back.

“It was embarrassing!”

“How do you expect us to get fucking married if you can’t even say why you like me? I’m disappointed in you,” Bakugou said crossing his arms.

“We’re sixteen! We aren’t getting married-” Bakugou’s frown deepened, “Anytime soon.”

“Can you two just get on with it, I’d like to eat my breakfast in peace,” Aizawa sighed pulling his food closer to him, “Maybe if you skip the kiss and go straight to fu-”

“SHOUTA!” Hizashi leaped to his side and smacked his hands over his mouth, his face red in embarrassment. Aizawa looked up at him and shrugged, stabbing Hizashi’s hand with his utensils so he could start eating.

“I was giving advice.”

“Shut up,” Mic deadpanned looking to find both teens red faced and looking away from each other, “Just write down what you want to say and you guys can read it. Less embarrassing that way.”

The pair nodded and continued their breakfast. It was a peaceful affair, the four of them eating, a little bit of conversation here and there, the kitten they brought home being licked by Mochi. It was picture perfect.

“I want to see my parents.”

Mic choked as he swallowed his drink, and coughed out, “What?!”

“I thought about it and I wanna see them,” Shinsou’s words were absolute with no room for discussion.

“Well we can all-”

“I wanted to go alone- with Bakugou, if that’s okay,” Hizashi looked up to his husband, only to see him looking impassive.

“I trust you to make your own decisions Hitoshi, we’ll call them after breakfast,” his eyes caught Mic’s.

“Toshi, are you sure? I mean you don’t have to-”

“I want to.”

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“Shouta what if they fight? Those people abandoned him, we shouldn’t let him go back. He was right when he said all those things about them. He-”

“Hizashi, he can make his own decisions. He’s sixteen. Before we know it he’ll be graduating and moving out, we can’t hold him under out thumbs forever,” Aizawa sighed putting down his book, “Trust Hitoshi to make his own calls, he wants to see them so we should let him.”

“I trust him! But they are- them! How can they give up their child because he has a problematic quirk? He just needed support and a little more guidance and they threw him away! They don’t deserve him,” Hizashi almost yelled. He remembered when they visited the foster home, how poorly Shinsou was being treated, how isolated he was. He remembers seeing the muzzle in the corner of the room, the one for the “dog”. He remembered how Shinsou was afraid to speak to them in private, how he isolated himself before others did it for him.

Mic remembered the nights of bonding and encouragement they had to use to get him to accept that his quirk wasn’t inherently evil, that what he did during the Sports Festival didn’t make him villainous. He knew about the lack of self worth, about the self deprecation, about the inadequacy. All of it, was their fault.

“Hizashi, we said this would be good for him.”

“Before he had that reaction Shouta, before he started crying because he remembered all the shitty things he had to deal with because of them. He doesn’t need to relive it,” Hizashi groaned sitting down on the office chair.

“He’s not going to leave us because of this, because of them, he’s our son,” Aizawa sighed coming up to him and rubbing his shoulders.

“I’m not worried about that, I just don’t want him to hurt anymore.”

Looking up at the building, Shinsou began to regret every decision that led them here. He should’ve said no, should’ve just left the past in the past, but no he’s here in front of his old apartment building. He could still see his mother’s small herb garden on the balcony.

“Mama, why do you grow these plants? They don’t have flowers.”

“To cook Hitoshi.”

It’s like nothing changed at all.

“We don’t have to go,” Bakugou whispered grabbing his hand, “You can change your mind.” Could he though?

“I- I wanna see them, it’s just hard. Everything looks so similar but it’s been ten years, it’s just weird,” ten years since they decided they didn’t want him anymore, ten years that he’d grown up without them. Every sports day, every school festival, every achievement, he’d done

without them there, without them knowing. They were strangers now, the only connection between them being blood.

With each step his chest grew tighter with tension like someone was playing with his heart strings like they were rubber bands. He hoped they would snap back into place instead of snap apart.

As they walked up the stairs, the sixth step creaked.

“BOO!”

“Hitoshi, are you trying to give your papa a heart attack? How’d you even know I was coming?”

“The stairs make noise papa!”

They passed apartment 210.

“Remember to go to Ms.Honda after school, okay? She’ll watch you until I come back from the store.”

Shinsou shuddered as they got to their destination, the bold numbers stared at him and his family name still marked the side of the house. Before he could reach the door to knock, it swung open.

“You must be Nii-chan!”

Before him stood two young boys, probably elementary school age. One with straight light blue hair and the other with more shaggy violet but the same purple eyes. The one on the right stood a little taller and his purple hair was longer, pulled into a small ponytail. The shorter bounced around causing blue locks to shake as he rushed forward to bring Shinsou into a hug.

“Takayuki! Don’t hug people without their permission,” Shinsou realised he wasn’t breathing when the next voice he heard forced him to inhale. Silky blue hair, sad eyes and a wistful smile, “Welcome home, Hitoshi.”

The Visit: Part One

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Uh, hi,” Shinsou started as he was released by his…brother, “I’m Hitoshi, but I guess you uh know that. This is my friend, Bakugou Katsuki,” When he heard his name, Bakugou waved cringing a little at being introduced as just a friend. True they still hadn’t kissed and he didn’t ask Shinsou out yet, but best friend would have at least been a bit better.

“Hey, I know you. You won UA’s Sports Festival in the first years division,” the taller twin said narrowing his eyes. Bakugou already decided he didn’t like Shinsou’s family. His parents, of course, were shitty. But these brothers? Shinsou never mentioned any brothers. The short one was clingy and loud and the tall one reminded him too much of Half ‘n’ Half.

“I’m Takayuki and this is my twin, Tatsumi, we’re eleven. It’s nice to meet one of nii-chan’s friends! ” Bakugou caught the pained look the passed Shinsou’s face.

“Well, come on in. No reason for us to be talking in the doorway,” Shinsou’s mother chuckled walking back into the apartment. It was a sizeable space, pretty traditional with hints of western flare. The living room had a tv and a few cushions around the kotatsu as well as a couch and a chair, “Your father should be back soon, he went to go pick up the cake and some groceries. I’ll be in the kitchen if you need me, okay?” Bakugou didn’t like her face. She was upset at something and kept flashing those blue eyes at Shinsou like she was waiting for him to have some big reaction.

“We saw you in the Sports Festival nii-chan! You brainwash people, right? Can you brainwash me too? I-”

“Takayuki what is wrong with you! You can’t ask people that,” Tatsumi yelled pulling his brother’s ear. The pair started to argue as Tatsumi pulled his brother to the kitchen.

“Are you okay?” Bakugou asked as they sat down together. On the wall he could see pictures on the wall, one of them of the recent family and another from years ago with a small Shinsou between his

two parents.

“I don’t remember her being pregnant, I guess,” even though he laughed Bakugou saw the way his eyes crinkled. His Hitoshi was leaving and Shinsou that ran away from him was coming back, “I don’t know how to act around them. The twins seem so happy to see me, well at least Takayuki and I don’t know, I don’t want to hurt their feelings or anything.”

“Just be you, you’re great. If it becomes too much we can leave, okay?” Bakugou rested his hand on Shinsou’s cheek using his thumb to stroke down his cheekbone.

“HITOSHI-NII! WHAT KIND OF SNACK DO YOU WANT?!” The shout caused both teens to jump away from each other.

“I TOLD YOU TO GO OUT THERE AND ASK NOT YELL IDIOT!”

Takayuki came bumbling out of the kitchen with a pout but bright smile replaced it as he looked at Shinsou. Bakugou fought the urge to push the child off the couch when he clambered into Shinsou’s lap.

“Nii-chan, what kind of snack do you want?” He asked one of his hands already investigating Shinsou’s hair, pulling at his wild locks.

“Aren’t you too old to be sitting in people’s laps?” Bakugou consciously avoided cursing at the kid knowing it’d make his boyfriend-to-be angry, “You’re like ten or something.”

“I’m eleven stupid and I can sit in nii-chan’s lap cause he’s my nii-chan so shut up,” the fucking kid even had the nerve to stick his tongue out at him. Bakugou was about three second from giving the fucking gremlin a nice little punch when Shinsou laughed.

“Takayuki, respect your elders, Bakugou is my special friend, okay?” This time the smile on his face was genuine, much smaller than the one he put on for his mother.

“Does that mean he’s gonna visit us a lot when you move back in?”

“What do-”

“Takayuki! Go help your brother get the tea ready!” All of them jumped a little as the short woman appeared, Shinsou’s dad must have been huge for him to be his height, his mom was shorter than fucking Moon face. The young boy pouted again as he trudged back to the

kitchen.

“Sorry, Takayuki has always been very excited about having an older brother, the twins think you don’t live here because you’ve been in boarding school since elementary,” she trailed off looking away from them, “They think you were abroad during the summer and winter, which is why you didn’t come back for breaks. We didn’t let them see the news about the stuff that happened with regards to U.A,” Shinsou’s body went rigid for a second before he relaxed and waved it off, but Bakugou was livid.

“What the fuck lady?” Bakugou held his hand up before Shinsou could stop him, “Sure it’s probably not my place to say, but Hitoshi’s too nice to tell you off. Tell those kids the truth instead of them thinking that their brother has been in boarding school their whole lives. They’re gonna start asking questions you can’t answer and put the pieces together themselves if you don’t.” Despite what the pictures showed, at this moment Shinsou looked more like his mom than anything, they both had the same look of wanting to curl up in a ball and die.

“We are going to have that talk with them soon, they were just too young to-”

“To know you abandoned your first fucking kid?”

“Katsuki,” Shinsou whimpered shaking his head. Maybe he went a little too far, but he didn’t care. These people hadn’t earned his sympathy. Sitting back he threw his arm around his friend and pulled him closer, fuck being discreet, fuck this trip, and fuck these people.

Shinsou’s mother sat back in her chair and blinked a few times, her saddened appearance changing to one of shock, “Hitoshi, he’s your-” she stopped waiting for him to fill in the rest.

“Boyfriend...do you have a problem with it?” Bakugou hated the way he asked it. It wasn’t a rhetorical threat but an actual question, like he was looking for her approval.

“Oh no, it’s just aren’t you a bit young?” She asked biting her lip.

“I’m sixteen,” Shinsou deadpanned. Bakugou had to give it to her for not being shocked at the admission, at least she remembered (or asked) her son’s age.

“I know, it’s just your still in school and he’s in the hero program isn’t

he? I just think it's a bit too much, but it's not my place to say," blue eyes clashed with red for a brief moment. Bakugou now knew where Shinsou's passive aggressive side came from.

"We brought snacks!" Takayuki yelled rushing in with a plate of dango and senbei rice crackers. Surprisingly he didn't spill anything. Tatsumi followed carefully with steaming cups of tea on his tray. After setting them down on the kotatsu, Tatsumi sat down on a cushion while Takayuki tried to reclaim his place in Shinsou's lap.

"Takayuki, you're too old for that," Tatsumi chided picking up one of the cups.

"You're just jealous because I'm nii-chan's favourite! Right nii-chan?" Shinsou gaped like a fish trying to come up with something to say that appeased both kids before looking to Bakugou for help.

"He doesn't have a favourite 'cause he barely knows you two," Bakugou ignored the way the two sprouts wilted as well as the scathling gaze from Shinsou's mother. He only spoke the truth.

"Um, so what do you guys like to do?" Shinsou asked while allowing Takayuki to play with his hands.

"Tatsumi likes to blow stuff up when no one is looking," Takayuki snarked causing his now red faced brother to pull him off of Shinsou. With a yelp, the shorter twin fell to the floor but erupted into a fit of giggles when he caught sight of his brother's face.

"It was an accident! I overloaded the battery pack one time!" Tatsumi yelled as he pulled at his brother's cheeks in anger.

"Oh, you're like yo- dad? Energy transfer and all that right?" Shinsou coughed to cover up his slip, but Bakugou still caught it. He was happy that Shinsou didn't recognise his parents as his real ones but at the same time he'd be too nice to let the twins know that.

"Yeah! And I can do this like mom!" Takayuki exclaimed as he held up his hands. Bakugou was only a little grossed out when his fingers elongated to ridiculous lengths.

But now it made more sense, Shinsou wasn't like most kids. Bakugou himself got a combo of his parents quirks and a lot of other kids just straight up inherited one of their parent's quirks or at least a variant of it. Shinsou was a wildcard, inheriting a quirk that was buried deep in his genetic code. A quirk his parents weren't ready to handle.

Despite all of that, Bakugou still kept the same disposition. His parents weren't ready for his quirk and still made it work. He blew stuff for fuck's sake. Shinsou was only six and they threw him out. The slam of the door caused Bakugou to turn around along with everyone else.

Setting down a large bag and taking off his shoes was a tall man with familiar wild hair and deep purple eyes. A man with the same sculpted face of the person beside him. The head fucker himself, Shinsou Ryuuichi.

"Hitoshi. Good to see you." Good to see you? Good to see you? You kick out your kid at age six, let him suffer through foster care for almost a decade and as soon as he has stability you ask to see him and all this fuck could say was "Good to see you"!

Shinsou nodded in agreement and turned back around, grabbing a cooled cup to tea and taking a rehearsed sip. This visit was gonna be hell.

Chapter End Notes

> Until my next chapter dump, (and maybe end of the fic) take care and thanks for reading!

The Visit: Part Two

“So,” Shinsou started, he didn’t really know what to say. How do you start a conversation with a man you haven’t seen or heard from in ten years? Not that the atmosphere was better before but as soon as his father came home the whole room shifted, like a cold snap in the middle of the summer. He remembered that feeling. When his father would come home and the fun atmosphere he built with his mom would evaporate as she stopped talking to him in his presence.

It was quite obvious that the two of them were uncomfortable with each other’s presence. And on top of that, his father and his boyfriend had been locked in a staring, more like galring, match since he entered the house, “I heard Kyojin has a good chance this season. Do you still get tickets to go see the games in Tokyo?” He remembered how much his dad loved the Yomiuri Giants. He’d buy them tickets and they’d go down to every weekend game no matter what.

“I don’t go to games anymore. Work on most Saturdays,” Mission failed. Shinsou nodded curtly as his father picked up his own tea and took a sip, his eyes never breaking from Bakugou’s, “Heard you go into UA,” he said as his dark eyes flickered to Shinsou for a moment, “Did you meet your friend there?” He gestured to Bakugou with his cup.

“Yup. Bakugou’s in the hero course,” at the mention of his name Bakugou grunted sitting back. It was like watching two male lions circle each other, waiting to see which would strike first.

“Dad! Bakugou won the Sports Festival for first years! Remember,” Takayuki helpfully supplied from his new position on the floor. His eyes gleamed with adoration while Tatsumi and his mother both grimaced. Shinsou held his breath for what would come next.

“Ah yes, the one in chains and a muzzle. I remember quite clearly now,” he said cooly. The older man then shifted his gaze fully to his eldest son, “Hitoshi is he more than a friend? Shinsou nodded as Bakugou purposely wrapped an arm around him and pulled him closer, “I see.”

“What’s that supposed to mean,” Bakugou spat out. He had to commend his boyfriend for not already cursing out the man. The twins both looked at each other frowning which made Shinsou want to end the conversation more so than before.

“Nothing. I have no problem with my son being gay.”

“Then what is your problem, cause you obviously have one,” Bakugou ground his teeth as he hissed out his last sentence. Whatever his father said next would determine if the lions would strike.

“I have a problem with you. You’re a bad influence on Hitoshi,” Shinsou already placed a hand on his boyfriend’s thigh to keep him from ripping his father to shreds, “You are violent and loud. And because of you our son was kidnapped by villains. Maybe since he was around you so much they noticed him.”

“Ryuuichi! That’s enough!” His mother gasped, “We don’t think of-”

“Our son should not be hanging around, much less dating the likes of you. I expected better Hitoshi,” he finished crossing his arms.

“I expect better of you Hitoshi! Get a handle on that godforsaken quirk already!”

“You don’t get to tell him that,” Bakugou yelled, “He’s not your son anymore!”

“Bakugou stop-”

“No, if this fucker wants to tell you what to do then he shouldn’t’ve thrown you out!”

“You threw out nii-chan?” Takayuki asked looking at his parents. His eyes were wide with shock and tears already rolled down his cheeks. Tatsumi groaned, eyes shined by tears that refused to fall.

“Oh come on, grow up Taka! You really thought he just didn’t come home our entire lives?” Tatsumi yelled, “Of course they threw him out and they’ve been lying about it ever since we realised we had a brother.”

“Takayuki, Tatsumi it wasn’t like that we- we just…” Taking a few deep breaths, Hinata excused herself saying dinner was on the stove. The short woman hurried into the kitchen, with her sobs starting before she could even enter.

“It wasn’t like that boys,” the older man started, his voice rough with restraint, “He-”

“He had a quirk you didn’t want to deal with! You care more about

your stupid appearances and reputation than your own kid! You put him in the fucking foster system because you didn't want the stress that came with a kid you didn't know how to deal with! You called your kid a fucking villain you piece of shit!"

"I know! We made a mistake and we are trying to fix it! You have no right to speak on matters that don't concern you!" Both men were now standing inching closer and closer to each other. Bakugou's hand were twitching as Ryuuichi's were in fist so tight his knuckles began to turn white.

"Oh yeah! Ten years later you just waltz back into his life and try to fix everything! Or did you just want to show him how much better off you are without him, huh? Throw your perfect family and perfect little angels in his fucking face!" Bakugou barked back, an accusing finger pointed at the twins causing both to flinch.

Ryuuichi turned towards Shinsou, his face as red as his opponents eyes and a large vein popping from his neck, "Hitoshi are you-"

"YOU DON'T GET TO CALL HIM THAT! I don't care who the fuck you think you are! You lost your right to his first name when you decided that you wanted to be a stranger to your own fucking son! You lost whatever power you had over him the minute you gave him up!" Shinsou looked down to see the horror on his brother's faces. Not know what else to do he grabbed both of their hands and ran to the one place he always felt safe, his old room.

When he opened the room, he pushed the twins in and quickly closed and locked the door. When he turned around he immediately took a step back. One of the original Eraserhead posters on his wall from Aizawa's rookie year as a pro was still there. The same futon rolled up in the corner and all the toys he didn't take with him littered the floor. The walls were still the same gaudy yellow that his dad promised to change. Everything was exactly the same.

"Mom says we aren't allowed in here," Tatsumi whispered, "But sometimes she comes in and stays for a long time," Walking in he noticed how there was no dust, no dirt, even the window was scrubbed clean.

"Nii-chan, do you hate us?" Takayuki asked, fat tears still rolling down his cheeks. Shinsou could still hear yelling from the living room and sat on the floor opening his arms for his brothers. While Takayuki dove in, embracing him like a the child he was, Tatsumi stayed by the

door.

“You two have nothing to do with this. Sometimes people make really bad mistakes and have to face the consequences. None of this is your fault, okay?” He said rubbing soothing circles on the young child’s back.

“You’re gonna come back, right?”

“Don’t be stupid Takayuki! Why would he come back when they all hate each other?! We’re never gonna see him again so stop getting close to him! He wasn’t in boarding school, he wasn’t going on ‘academic vacations’, he was gone! Everything they told us were lies! So stay away from him because I don’t wanna hear you crying about it when he finally leaves and wants nothing to do with us!” Tatumi screeched running forward and grabbing his brother’s arm, trying to rip him from Shinsou’s embrace. Unshed tears finally rolled down his slim face as he yelled, “We’re never going to see him again so get over it! We went every holiday, every birthday fine without him there and none of that is gonna change. This only happened because you wouldn’t shut up about seeing him! We don’t have a brother so get over it!”

“That’s a lie! Nii-chan loves us! He- he, Nii-chan won’t leave!” Takayuki pushed his brother back while holding on to Shinsou tightly.

“Tatsumi. I’m not leaving you two. I’m your big brother, right? I’ll come and see you.” He said extending a hand to the elder twin. Tatsumi looked at it in contempt, sneering at him, “Tatsumi, I swear. I don’t hate you.” His brother extended his own hand and Shinsou grabbed it and pulled him into a hug. The twins both shuddered with soft sobs as their tears wet his shirt. Three soft knocks on the door jolted them, but Shinsou sighed.

Three soft knocks interrupted the child’s sobs.

“Hitoshi, it’s mommy. Can I come in or are you sad. What you did was an accident, okay? Mommy is okay now, you didn’t hurt me.”

Opening the door, his mother’s tear streaked face appeared. Though her face had aged, the expression was one ingrained into his memory from many nights of mutual comfort after he’d been yelled at for whatever quirk related accident happened that time.

Before he could say anything he was embraced, sobs being cried into his chest. He brought his own arms around the small woman and

pressed his face into her hair, it still smelled of the same lavender shampoo, “I should have fought harder for you Hitoshi! I should have left him when he wanted to give you up. Hitoshi forgive me please, forgive me. Nothing I can do can ever make this better, but I’m sorry, I’m so sorry Hitoshi.” Two pairs of arms wrapped around his middle as the twins embraced him as well.

“Mom,” Shinsou whispered into her soft blue hair.

“Toshi, we’re leaving,” Looking up he saw Bakugou at the end of the hall, his dad nowhere in sight. Promising to call and visit again he wandered back into the living room and looking to the side his father sat in his chair with a very noticeable bruise on his left eye.

“Katsuki, can you give us a minute, please?” He whispered. Bakugou tensed, his frown deepening before he grunted and opening the door, making sure to slam it on the way out.

“You deserve that and frankly I’m glad he did it to you,” walking over he looked at the picture of the three of them, “Do you have anything to say or am I wasting my time here?”

“I never should have done what I did to you. I’m sorry.”

“I don’t know why I expected anything better than that attempt at an apology. Where you even conflicted when you decided to give me up, or was I just a mistake to be forgotten about?” Shinsou asked. He felt the man come up behind him and flinched as a hand was put on his shoulder.

“I have no excuse for what I did. I didn’t ask you to come here so I could fight your boyfriend, I wanted to make things right with you,” he watched a large hand reach up and grab their picture off the wall. Carefully he opened the back and took out the photograph, handing it to Shinsou. Stapled to the back was a crayon drawing of three figures and the phrase, “My Family” in horrid script.

“You’re a few years too late for that, ten to be exact. Why now? I was happy, you know. Forgetting about you and all the shit you put me threw,” he still remembered the muzzles, the closet and all the abuse he faced in the homes. How they didn’t want to get his infected tonsils taken out, hoping that maybe he’d lose his voice and become adoptable.

“I thought it was for the best, we couldn’t care for you. My new job-”

“Mattered more than me. Your colleagues asked about your son and his quirk and you were embarrassed weren’t you? You’re reputation mattered more than me,” his voice wavered but he refused to cry. This man didn’t deserve his tears.

“I regretted it, I still do. Watching your mother clean your room, refusing to let anyone enter it. The way she held onto whatever shred of you she had. It was the worse thing I ever did to her. But you, I thought you were okay, I thought you were happy, they don’t exactly give us updates. We only found out where you were because Takayuki and Tatsumi saw you on TV and became more adamant about seeing you so we looked for you. We begged your...fathers to see you, but they told us that it would be your decision. When they said you were coming I couldn’t believe it, he paused taking a deep breath, “You’re here. You’re grown, practically a man now. It’s funny, you have my looks but you still make the same expressions as your mother,” he tried to laugh.

“I’ll be coming to see the twins during the winter. I hope they don’t hate you for what you did,” he handed the picture back and walked towards the door.

“Do you hate me Hitoshi?”

Daddy! Daddy why are you leaving?!

Daddy, please come back I don’t like it here. Please, please, please.

I miss my daddy, how much longer do I have to stay here until he comes back to pick me up?

“Goodbye, Ryuuichi. I’ll be in touch,” and with that he exited the apartment.

Bakugou looked up when he heard the door close and moved to hug his boyfriend. He stopped when Shinsou held out a hand telling him to stop.

“I- I need a minute to just-” Shinsou let out a frustrated yowl as his hands covered his face. His back hit the wall and he slid down crying into his hands.

“Toshi,” Bakugou whispered. He crouched down and opened his arms, “Come here, we’re going home,” He moved his arms around his boyfriend and helped him up. Turning around he crouched again,

“Come on, let’s go.”

“I’m not getting on your back,” Shinsou sighed walking past him and down the hall. Bakugou frowned and caught up grabbing the other teen’s smaller hand. His eyes were red and filled with tears, a bit of snot dripping down his nose that he was quick to wipe away with his sleeve.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“Which part? When everyone was crying and yelling or when you punched my- him,” Shinsou’s eyes were trained on the ground before them as they walked down the stairs and onto the street.

“He deserved it. Fucking asshole telling me I’m not good for you. That I don’t deserve you and shit, fuck does he know. I should’ve-” Bakugou stopped talking as Shinsou covered his mouth with his own. His lips were soft and warm but salty from tears.

“HITOSHI WHAT THE FUCK!”

“Thank you for coming with me,” Shinsou grinned. Bakugou paused, he missed that shit eating face.

“It was supposed to be romantic and shit ya know. You ruined the sanctity of a first kiss,” he grumbled, rubbing his reddening ear lobe.

“Katsuki will you-” Bakugou glared causing Shinsou to burst out laughing, “I’m joking, I’m joking. I know you wanna be the one to ask. Even though we kinda already say we’re together.”

“See you’re doing this and the when we get married you’re gonna complain that I never did anything romantic and then you’re gonna tell our kids you did all the work and I was the bumbling idiot.”

“Why do you keep saying that we’re getting married? And now you’re adding kids too?” Shinsou chuckled pressing into Bakugou’s side.

“I think long term...baby?”

“Ew. Never do that again,” Bakugou smirked as they approached the station.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hitoshi we’re gonna be late! Hurry up!”

“I’m coming!” He yelled pulling on his shoes and grabbing his duffle bag and school bag. Running down stairs he raced past his parents and ran outside to the car, “We’re in a rush? What’s the hold up? The sun waits for no one ya know?!” Shinsou yelled looking back at the door to see his Hizashi standing there with his hands on his hips and a playful smile on his lips. Aizawa walked out after him with a deep scowl on his tired face. The teacher was still half-wrapped in a blanket, his infamous yellow sleeping bag tucked under his arm.

“Someone’s excited to go back to school,” Aizawa muttered climbing into the passenger seat. The first day back after summer break was usually a solemn time for Shinsou. He’d have to leave his room after weeks of hiding away from both his foster family and the neighbours. All he’d do was study for the written exam for UA. Now he was ready, even excited to go back to school, “The sun’s not even up yet but you’re making us go to school for no reason.”

“Bakugou is a reason Shouta! They’re young and in love, stop being so scornful,” Hizashi scolded as he hopped into the car.

“Whatever as long as they don’t keep me up at night with their-”

“SHOUTA!”

“What? I was gonna say arguing,” he said with a wink much to his husband’s annoyance. Shinsou laughed as they pulled out of the driveway.

XX

Shinsou Hitoshi liked two things in the morning, coffee and quiet.

“I can see you shithead, get over here!”

Bakugou Katsuki only had one of those things.

“I don’t get how you drink this crap black, it’s bitter bean water with a drug that makes your heart go faster and your bladder more active,” Bakugou said handing over the paper cup Shinsou stuck his tongue out at him and took a sip of the hot liquid.

“It’s okay, not everyone has refined taste,” he laughed at the frown on his boyfriend’s face.

“That’s why I’m dating you. Ow!” Bakugou yelped as Shinsou pinched his arm, “I’m kidding jeez.” The two of them sat down, pressing into each other’s sides as they watched the sun rise. Bathed in the golden glow, Bakugou was almost fae like, his face free of the harsh lines of annoyance and perpetual anger.

“Hey Katsuki,” Shinsou whispered. Soft red eyes landed on his, in them only pure adoration, “The moon is beautiful tonight, isn’t it?”

“We’re literally watching the sun rise you sensitive sap,” Bakugou laughed.

“The one time I actually try to be romantic and you do this. You know what, I’m done, I’m never doing anything romantic ever again. You can do all the romantic shit from now on,” he mutter drinking the rest of his brew.

“Don’t be like that,” Bakugou said, his voice full of mirth, “But you know what?,” a muscular arm wrapped around the brianwasher’s waist, “I like being the romantic one, you know why?” Shinsou turned his head away, refusing to fall for the trap. His cheek was gently cupped, turning his head back the other way until he was eye to eye with Bakugou. Red eyes were now fiery with passion.

“Katsuki-”

“You know they say love is a metaphor. That love is a plant, it only grows when you nurture it, when you tend to it. That love is a three am call when you don’t know who else to talk to. That love is a song you never get tired of hearing over and over again. That love is a light in the dark, able to pull you from the deepest of trenches. That love is an epic adventure, with a story and a setting. With heroes and villains. With character development and conflict. With plot twist and a huge climax. And most of all,” He said leaning in until they were only a breath apart, “A happy ending.”

Shinsou didn’t know what the future held, what he wanted to do, where he would go nor if anything would even stay the same for the

next month. Would the villains come back? Would he make new friends? Would he ever be welcome in his class? He wasn't sure about anything.

But for someone who spent so much of their life worrying about what would happen next, Shinsou was quite happy to just enjoy what he had in the present; two great dads, tow new little brothers, a few new friends and one pretty awesome boyfriend. No matter what would come next, Shinsou knew he could take it on with a perpetually angry scarecrow by his side.

"Hey I have a question?"

"What?"

"Why the hell do you own a giant ass lava lamp? Like that thing was fucking huge 'Toshi. And why don't your curtains match, that's not proper coordination you know?"

Yeah, he'd be just fine.

Chapter End Notes

> Well that's it. Courtyards and Comebacks is officially over (maybe we'll have some oneshots who knows). Thank you all for reading it and bearing with me for all these months. I'm so grateful to have gotten such wonderful feedback on my first long fic and so much support from you all. Until next, time. <3

End Notes

I hope you liked it :) I don't really have an update schedule planned but I will be doing BakuShin Week so stay tuned for more fics

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!